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Around Town.

I have often wondered how it is that John Ross Robertson has so long escaped the sort of treatment he is so fond of giving to others. A newspaper is thought to have a certain amount of license during an election to vilify and misrepresent candidates for public position. It is a license allowed by custom rather than decency, and those who avail themselves of it in order to drag down rivals or satisfy personal grudges cannot but be despised. The only real license permissible under such circumstances is that which excuses the sin of too great bitterness in a partisan dispute, a bitterness born of zeal for a cause or admiration for an individual and consequent dislike of his opponent. This license, however, is not that which John Ross Robertson has so wantonly abused in his paper the *Telegram*, and the less fortunate sheets with which he has been connected and whose creditors were not to be congratulated. He follows a systematic policy of abusing men in season and out of season, and seems to have no greater delight than in a systematic endeavor to traduce and degrade men selected for the purpose and who perhaps are quite as worthy members of this community as he is. Possibly I am wrong; he may have one greater delight, and that is to publish in his own paper columns of reports of an institution to which he has been liberal, reports which never fail to mention his generosity and which are set in long and conspicuous lines lest the wayfaring public might miss some of the choice morsels of his goodness. These reports not being sufficiently numerous to keep us reminded of his generosity, he has recently been ordered by the court to pay four thousand dollars to a woman whom he libeled in order to advertise himself and his devotion to this same charity. When District Deputy and Grand Master of the Masonic order in this jurisdiction, the pages of his paper were heavily laden with his speeches, with resolutions passed in country lodges, and such other matters as seem to him material in giving him prominence and probably procuring for him the social recognition which in his native city he has always been denied. This possibly may be a greater delight than singling out as victims of his abuse men to whom he should owe no grudges except those born in a hateful mind reeking with envy and vindictiveness.

I am sure I am not alone in my surprise that John Ross Robertson has escaped with so few personal castigations and newspaper reprisals. With the instinct and many other characteristics of the hound, he has followed through the records of men who were they to reply in kind and search as diligently through his past as he has searched through theirs, might have much to say of an uncomplimentary if not discreditable sort. Yet he always acts as if it were his sole privilege to burrow into the past of others. He may find that patience ceases to be a virtue, that ostentatious charity cannot preserve from public contempt a man who is merciless and slanderous to others. If the high office to which he was once elected as a reward for his industry and his much heralded charity were found to hinder him in his assaults upon his fellow craftsmen, he might hope that it would hinder them in making reprisals upon him. As such is not the case, as mercy is only shown to the merciful, he may yet have reason to wish that his record were purer or his methods somewhat more in accordance with the decency of both journalism and private life. Personally I have not only admired in private, but expressed frequently in these columns due appreciation of such features of his character as are worthy of admiration. As an individual I have no entry in this column except that of DON; I have no personal ill-will which is not the result of being attacked in my capacity as a writer for the public press, yet I am becoming weary of this municipal bravo, this newspaper brawler, dragging my personal life into his polluted columns. On the seventeenth of October last John Ross Robertson's paper suggested that "what little humor I am possessed of was stolen from the association of an earlier manhood which judged by the fruits of its maturity must have been passed largely in frontier grog shops." I made no reply, though the charge was false and the article laden with the most venomous abuse, and it occurred to me, as it must have to everyone who knows the past of Mr. John Ross Robertson, that if the records of our earlier manhood are to be compared I must have a very questionable one indeed were I to fear comparison with him. I do not use these columns for personal purposes, as my readers know, but when so late as Tuesday last, after months of unresented attack, this journalistic assassin urges more than once that I am suffering from an attack of mental derangement, I offer this preliminary suggestion that I am both mentally and physically in sufficiently good condition to attend to his case, and I must ask the indulgence of my readers if, in self defence, I for once use the columns in which I have so long written should the attacks of the past few months be continued.

The Board of Trade banquet, at which so many notables from all over the Dominion assembled, was an event of unusual importance. Some of the newspapers, which are always fond of poking fun at the Board of Trade try to make light of it, but every affair which gathers the greatest men of the Dominion together in this city, the prosperity of which interests everyone who is worthy the name of citizen, is a matter of congratulation and pride. The Board of Trade has never been well used in Toronto, has never enjoyed the influence it de-

served, even though it may be said that it has never deserved the influence which it should exert. If Toronto is to be prosperous it must advertise itself, and such a galaxy of commercial and political stars as clustered together on Thursday night week must attract the attention of the whole of Canada and be observed even in foreign lands. Of course the speeches by politicians were necessarily mild and lacking in aggressiveness, but the words of President Van Horne of the Canadian Pacific Railway were pregnant with the great problem of how to help Canada obtain the position she should have amongst the nations of the world. Every business man endorses every word of it, and what petty detractors may say must have little influence in limiting the results of so strong and timely an appeal to Canada, that having done so much we should not lose the full advantage of our enterprise by failing to complete it. The Board of Trade is to be congratulated. The energy of its president and

Ingram had his brother appointed collector of customs and is now likely to retire from politics into a postoffice. It does look a little selfish, but is it any worse than Sir Oliver Mowat giving his son the shrievalty of Toronto or dividing up other offices in this neighborhood for the benefit of the two Peters? Why should not workingmen seize offices as well as Christian politicians? Does the man who professes to be the representative of the laboring classes assume any higher grade of goodness than is possessed by the Christian statesman? Is it any greater treachery for Andy Ingram to take a postoffice and provide for his old age than for Sir Oliver Mowat to pension himself on the country by providing his son with the most profitable office in his gift? I confess that workingmen are not prone to refuse positions. Even the esteemed friend of the *Globe*, Mr. Dan O'Donoghue, was not averse to accepting the emoluments of a political position, nor has he been at all tardy in repaying the debt that

being absolutely and unalterably opposed to the transfer, they will arm their opponents at the next general election with the most convincing argument that Toronto must be considered a doubtful constituency before it will obtain even the minimum of justice. Ottawa not being located on the lakes, and the observatory at that point being comparatively useless to those engaged in navigation, there remains no excuse for the concentration of population and patronage in a city which already has more than its share.

The question of the water supply may be relied upon to interest the people of Toronto until a superabundant and absolutely safe quantity and quality of water is obtained. There may be some force in what is being urged by the York Water Supply Company and some others who are suggesting that we dig wells, but after all the question to be considered is not the smallness of the original cost, but the profit-

sufficient water to supply the city with enough to both slack its thirst and turn its wheels. If we begin to toy with wells and pumps, and petty apparatus, we will be repeating the history of the effort to supply ourselves from Lake Ontario. In such a way we are fighting nature instead of by liberal enterprise turning the sources of nature's supplies to our advantage. We have had enough tinkering with this thing; let the task be undertaken with a view of supplying a great city not only with water, but, let me repeat it, with power. How few cities in the whole world have the same topographical advantages which Toronto possesses, of being nearly five hundred feet below a reservoir which in mileage exceeds that of any lake or basin now natural y supplying any city in the world. We have more reason to be afraid of a small certainty at low cost than we have of a scheme embodying vast possibilities at great cost, for the large scheme and the great cost will no doubt be undertaken by private capital, while the small scheme and the small cost will be trucked off to the city, and our second condition will be worse than our first.

An editorial from a New York paper dealing with the tendency of modern churches to liberality and a less critical standard with regard to dogma, appears on another page. This cleverly conceived article is warming and encouraging. It leads its readers to believe that we are approaching that much desired epoch when what a man believes in less essential than what he does. The evidence afforded by the churches of our own city is another great stride forward in this absolutely necessary work. The Congregationalists are proposing to unite with the Presbyterians, and if I may be permitted to predict, the union will be consummated; for now that Dr. Briggs has demonstrated the possibility of holding that the inerrancy of the scriptures cannot be insisted upon, so many small tenets, of which verbal inspiration is one, become unessential, and great bodies of thoughtful men who I am sure have no stronger impulse than the bettering of their fellowmen and the uplifting of human thought, will find common ground upon which to unite.

Methodism, too, is not averse to union, and wishing to be thought without desire to criticize, I conceive as a possibility the union of formal Presbyterianism and emotional John Wesleyanism; each will temper the other, and if we get these great forces united, forces with wonderful possibilities for the elevation of the human species, forces which need union in order to render effective their services to the whole social system, we may expect grand progress in church work. Rival missionaries will not be sent to preach petty differences to heathens, who should only be taught the superiority of Christianity over paganism, and at home charitable work, mission work, slumming, will have a general purpose and not be degraded to the proselyting of very doubtful people who are often willing to embrace creeds in order to obtain material benefits. If Congregationalism, Presbyterianism and Methodism unite, and God grant that they may; if Catholicism becomes more liberal, and thank God it has shown very evident signs of being in the procession, the Baptists and Episcopalians will become so modified by the absence of dogmatic controversy, so leavened by the desire to make the Christian Church have a real meaning, that it will not be two decades before Protestantism will stand united as opposed to Romanism. Both churches have a meaning, both have a distinctive dogma, but if Protestantism is united Catholicism will become modified. Its influence as the balance of power will decrease; its control will be weakened by the united front of those holding an opposing doctrine. Then the theory of the Christianizing of the world, the millennial epoch, the time when Christianity will be a practical instead of a dogmatic thing, will be at hand. In those happy days, which hopeful eyes may be permitted to see even now, social questions will not be lost sight of in the heat of doctrinal squabbles. The great churches will be struggling to show which hath the greater charity, which is doing more for the good of the world, which has the more uplifting energy, the more softening tendency, the more godlike impulse! Until Protestantism effects such a union it will be at a disadvantage. If such a union is proven to be impossible it will have demonstrated that Protestantism is weak. It is no use to urge the old cry that we do not want uniformity, for, bless me, in the Roman Church there is no uniformity; but there is union. So in Protestantism there must be union if we are to have strength. Moreover, we cannot afford to let our head men and bishops denounce Roman Catholicism as Dr. Douglas has done, until we prove that there is a common impulse so strong as to bespeak a common and purifying faith which forgetteth small things, but is grand, and hopeful, and helpful in the one great object of Christianity, the making of man better, the making of woman purer and more angelic, the cleansing of our lives, the widening of our souls, the impulse towards caring for the helpless, the helping of the weak over rough places; in fact, the giving of that cup of cold water to those who ask it in His name, which we are promised shall be so effectual in the day when we are all to be judged.

The belief which seems so general in Canada that a man under certain circumstances could better his condition by going to the United States is a common one.



GEORGE GROSSMITH.

See Page 4.

secretary has been of great service to this city as well as to the organization in which they occupy such high executive positions. If we are trying to do anything for ourselves, why should the sneers of certain newspapers go unrebuked when the Board of Trade banquet is the object of their unwholesome jeers? It is such expressions which dishearten individuals as well as associations; it is the contemptible instincts and low tastes of these so-called moulders of public opinion which make impossible a thoroughly patriotic and progressive movement amongst our citizens towards those things which are so necessary not only to our advancement, but to the maintenance of our status as a great city.

I see that my kind friend, the *Globe*, is much agitated because Mr. Ingram, the Conservative member for East Elgin, is likely to accept the postmastership of St. Thomas. The righteous wrath of the *Globe* and its profound sympathy for the workingmen who originally elevated Mr. Ingram from a railway brakeman to a member of the Legislature, are rather amusing. It recalls the fact that Mr.

he owes to his party. While the politicians trade upon the loyalty of the workingmen, while they trick and deceive them and use their leaders as instruments of deception, such leaders cannot be expected to live on a higher plane than that occupied by their masters and their critics. Andy Ingram is a decent fellow, and as politics are being worked by the *Globe* and its friends, and as equally reprehensible methods are probably being employed by other factions, one can hardly blame the man who has done so much for his party accepting the shelter of the official city of refuge before its gates are closed.

The suggested removal of the Meteorological Observatory from Toronto to Ottawa seems to me thoroughly indefensible. I do not speak as a politician or as one versed in the inner workings of those who contemplate the change; I write simply as a citizen of Toronto to whom such a change seems to be but another indication that we are absolutely without influence at the Dominion seat of government. If our representatives permit the slightest depletion of the official staff, if they are not on record as

ableness of a proper investment which shall produce not only sufficient water but sufficient power for the entire city. No matter what system has for its object the system of bringing water from the uplands, it should start out on an extensive scale from Toronto and be proceeded with until it strikes an unlimited supply. I am not sure that in the ridges sufficient water is not obtainable, but I am sure that Toronto will never be satisfied with getting its supplies from wells or in dribbles of any sort. In a new waterworks system hydraulic power is quite as important, in fact is much more important than the water itself. We must have cheap power or we cannot concentrate the manufactures of the province and make this the center and heart of every industrial undertaking because of the cheapness with which the wheels can be turned. With due deference to the promoters of the well system, permit me to suggest that we have been pettifoggery too long, that what we now need is to undertake the water supply question in a large spirit and with the idea of bringing from the Lake Simcoe water-shed, whether that be reached in the ridges or in the lake itself, suf-

THE JOURNEY OF DEATH.

JAMES KNAPP REEVE

In Detroit Free Press.

AMONG all the bad men who troubled the peaceful little settlement of Dona Ana, the name of Pete Ramantaro led all the rest. He enjoyed such distinction in this respect that throughout all Dona Ana county, whenever any special piece of devilment was committed to which there was no clue, it was placed, and by common consent, to Pete's credit. To be sure, some who knew him well said that Pete was not as black as he was painted. Nevertheless, it was decided that he must "go," preparatory to the firm establishment of an orderly and law-abiding community.

"Mebbe Pete's square enough," admitted Scotty Short, proprietor of the Jack Rabbit saloon, "but he makes lots of trouble. He's killed two men in my place, and it ain't no way to do."

"They was mighty tough customers, them two," said the storekeeper, "and Pete ought to 'a' had a vote of thanks for wipin' 'em out." The public opinion on the whole was dead against Ramantaro, and such little matters as the above, which should have been counted in his favor, were not made much of. The community decided that it would feel better if he were well out of it.

A bit of news will circulate about an adobe village in the southwest in the same rapid and mysterious manner that it percolates through a New England hamlet. So when Ysabel Manetta came into Dona Ana that afternoon on a combined errand of business and pleasure—to buy some meal at the store and to gossip a while with a cronie—she learned that matters of grave import were afloat.

"There will be trouble here this night," said the Dame Maria Salgado, shaking her head wisely. "They are not going to have any more shooting and killing, and your brave Ramantaro had better think twice before he comes again and puts his head into this lion's mouth."

"Pouf," replied Ysabel, tossing her head and scornfully curling her red lips. "Do you think Ramantaro would be afraid?"

"I know what I think," answered the dame. "I think he would better keep away."

The sun was yet high when Ysabel remounted her patient little burro and took her way home across the desert plain. It was a good three leagues to the corral where Vicente Manetta herded a few goats and basked in the sun all day, asking little in life except to be let alone. The way thither was along a sandy trail that wound between patches of cactus and Spanish bayonet. Ysabel's home was a low adobe hut—brown, like the earth from which it was made; beside it was the corral enclosed by a dusty green cactus hedge where the goats were kept at night; behind it a piece of dense chapparal, and beyond that the terrible waterless desert—the very desert of the desert—the Jornada del Muerte—the Journey of Death.

The old man was lazily bringing the goats home; when he had put them in the corral he squatted down on his heels and watched the girl prepare the evening meal.

"What do they say at Dona Ana?" he asked, after waiting for the girl to volunteer some speech.

She replied to this with another question. "Has Pete been here to-day?" she asked.

"No; he said he would not come until to-night. Don't you remember?"

"He could have changed his mind." Then after a pause she added:

"He must keep away from Dona Ana."

"En!" said the old man, with the quick suspicion of one familiar with the scent of danger.

"But how will you manage it?"

"I shall find a way," answered the girl briefly.

"You tell him to hold, and he will be the more fierce to go," grumbled Manetta.

The sun went down and the moon and the stars came out and made the world white with their light.

The two sat upon the ground before the hut, their backs against the adobe wall, their blankets drawn well about them. The night was as still as it was white, except for the far away yelping of a coyote or the hoot of an owl.

After a time there was a sound of distant hoof-beats; they drew nearer, and a well caparisoned rider halted in front of the hut.

"You are glad to see me," he said sarcastically, as neither the man nor the girl stirred.

"It is worth riding far for such a welcome."

"We are tired," answered Ysabel, indifferently.

"Yes, Ramantaro! We do something besides play—we," grunted Manetta.

The horseman flung himself down beside Ysabel.

"Tell me," he said.

"We have lost the new goats," Ramantaro muttered an oath.

"The ones you got from the Englishman?" Manetta chuckled a silent assent, remembering how he had got them.

"Did he come for them?"

"Bah! no. He has not that courage. They have strayed away up the arroyo."

"Then they will come back."

"Yes, when the wolves have eaten them."

"And you followed them?"

"Until I could go no further."

As he rode away Ysabel stood and watched until he was well beyond hearing. Then she went into the chapparal behind the corral and soon returned driving a half-dozen fine Angora goats.

"If he rides until he finds them he will not be in Dona Ana to-night," she said contentedly, as she fastened the flock securely in the corral.

Ramantaro had ridden but a little way up the arroyo before he began to slacken his pace and to ride as a man undecided in his course.

"Bother the witch," he muttered. "I shall lose half a life's fun by this. I can win more money in play at Dona Ana to-night than these goats and their increase will be worth in a hundred years. I will tell her," he said finally, turning his horse resolutely about, "that I found the goats, but that the wolves had found them first."

Then he put the spurs to Juan and rode toward Dona Ana.

It wanted yet two hours of dawn when Ysabel, lying awake, heard again the noise of approaching hoofs. She arose and threw a blanket about her and went outside.

Ramantaro leaned from his horse and whispered:

"Get me some pistols, quick! I have but one, and the Regulators are close behind."

Without pausing the girl went into the hut, put on some clothing swiftly, came out and ran to the corral, where in an instant she had saddled and mounted her father's horse. Then, wheeling to the side of Ramantaro, she handed him a pistol and placed two in her own belt.

"Two can fight better than one," she said.

Ramantaro laid his hand gently upon her arm.

"Have you thought?" he asked.

"Yes," was the firm reply.

"If you go now you cannot return."

"I know."

Just then the goats, aroused by such an unusual stir at that early hour, began to move restlessly behind the cactus hedge. This seemed to remind Ramantaro of something. He spoke hesitatingly:

"Ysabel, I did not go after the goats."

"I know. It does not matter. They were not lost. You have been to Dona Ana. I wanted to keep you from that."

"They were not lost? We are quits, then."

With that the outlaw bent toward his companion and drew her to him, and kissed her full upon the lips.

Then they seated themselves well in their saddles, laid their reins loosely on the necks of their horses and rode away toward the coming dawn.

For a long time they rode silently, neck and neck. When the day began to show across the bare plain, the girl looked about her and shuddered.

Ramantaro saw the look, and spoke:

"It is our only chance. They will not dare follow here."

"It is the Jornada del Muerte."

"Yes. It is the Journey of Death."

Then they rode forward calmly into the brown horror.

A little later the leader of the Regulators, without slackening his pace, extended his right arm before him and said to his companion:

"Do you know where he has gone?"

"Into the Jornada del Muerte," was the awed answer.

"Yes, into the Journey of Death." Then he added grimly:

"We shall have him now, like a rat in a hole."

As they rode on, the hot sun came out and burned upon the brown sand that had already been parched in the furnace of many thousands of years. Its heat was reflected into their faces, and the alkali dust dried their throats and tongues almost beyond endurance. Some began to mutter discontentedly, and to look back over the way that they had come.

Later, they discerned some moving specks a long way off, and gathering up their courage in both hands rode grimly on to seize their prey.

Ramantaro, looking back, saw his pursuers.

He laid his hand upon Ysabel's rein.

"They come," he said. "I can escape only by going on. It is twenty leagues yet. Few have ever crossed the Jornada del Muerte and lived to tell it. But you—they will not harm you. Will you turn back?"

The girl shook the rein upon her horse's neck, and urged him forward.

"I will go where you go," she answered.

"He is a long way off," said the leader of the Regulators, halting his pace and watching the moving specks ahead of him. "One cannot tell here how far. Distance cheats the eye. It lies to one."

"We will go back," he said again, after a little while. "I am ashamed to go back, but it is only death to go farther. But he is just as safe," and he nodded meaningly in the direction of the fugitives, repeating, "Just as safe—as though we had a rope around his neck."

When he saw that their pursuers no longer followed, Ramantaro rested a little. He unsling the leather water bottle from his shoulder and gave it to Ysabel to drink. Then he made a motion as if swallowing some himself, and poured a little of the water into his palm, and moistened the horses' mouths with it. He used it sparingly, for upon that and the endurance of their horses now rested their hope for life.

All through the long afternoon they rode on, straight across the brown desert. They grew faint and weary, and once Ysabel would have fallen, but she was stayed by her companion's hand. He gave her water again, and when the moon came up they yet rode—riding for life.

Ysabel's horse stumbled and fell, and could not rise again. Ramantaro lifted her in his arms.

"Leave me and ride," she whispered. But he raised her to his own saddle, and the good Juan bore them both forward. Finally he, too, fell.

Then, knowing that his own strength was all that they could depend on, he rose and lifted the girl in his arms again and made forward as best he could; weakly, blindly, staggering and

falling sometimes, but always forward with a strength born of despair. And so he struggled on through the long night.

When the Indians who live in the old Pueblo of San Miguel (which is just upon the eastern edge of this terrible desert which men yet know by name as the Journey of Death), came out in the morning to draw water from the single well that God has placed there to mark the limit of the "cursed place," they found a man and a woman lying asleep beside it. The half-empty gourd which the woman clutched in her hand showed that they had drunken, and when they awoke and told whence they had come, the Indians crossed themselves and murmured:

She is a saint. For no woman ever came across the Jornada del Muerte and lived."

Something Like Practical Religion at Last.

For so is the will of God, that with well doing ye may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men.—I. Peter, II., 15.

The community has very gratefully taken cognizance of two facts recently. Two straws have floated past us on the stream and careful observers regard them as very important signs of the times. Curiously enough, these two facts are a part of the religious life of the people, and the popular surprise is all the greater because the tendencies of creeds are generally in the direction of conservatism. Churchmen are more tenacious of the old and more unwilling to adopt the new than any other class of society.

The acquittal of Dr. Briggs on the charge of heresy was won by common sense rather than by any looseness of opinion or indifference to doctrinal standards. The battle was fought with a sort of gentle ferocity, and no inch of ground was surrendered except after a severe parliamentary struggle; but the verdict of the jury was that the world is large enough to hold men of varying shades of opinion, and that even a Presbyterian may refuse to bend the pregnant hinges of the knee to Calvin and still be a loyal Christian.

The reinstatement of Dr. McGlynn was rather startling to some of us who are acquainted with the methods of the Catholic Church of other days, but the explanation is found in the liberality and progressiveness of Leo XIII. Age has not dimmed the ardor of the Pope, and physical weakness has not marred his intellect. Rome has seldom had a potentate endowed with larger personal independence or profounder courage. Great authority is apt to evolve hesitancy, if not timidity. Immense responsibility gives one pause, but the Pope has absorbed the spirit of the new times and under his administration the Church has become wonderfully tolerant. He will go into history not only as the Bishop of bishops, but as a clear-headed statesman.

The first fact, then, which impresses us is that the clergy who have always preached to us about "faith, hope and charity," and who have been richly endowed with the faith and the hope, have at last come into possession of "the greatest of these," which is charity. Scholarly disagreement has been consecrated. The fagot's flame has gone out. There is no longer a pillory for the man who has his own way of doing the work which we all want to have done. It is possible for theologians to differ without drawing swords and deciding which is right by a thrust through the lungs.

It is conceded that the professor who measures six feet three has a divine right to a bed suitable to his length, and that the four feet six theologian may lie down undisturbed in his crib and tuck himself up for a night of pleasant dreams.

This is a matter of immense significance, a bloodless revolution which changes the complexion of religion and makes it operative for the redemption of the race. Cavil and scepticism are hushed to silence, for when the Church ceases its quarrel about theories the age of practical Christianity is close at hand.

The second fact is that practical Christianity has already inaugurated its new era. When the Salvation Army made its appearance with drum and fife we were dismayed and disgusted, but when two of its uniformed women interfered in a street riot and quelled it sooner than a dozen policemen could have done it with their clubs, we saw at once that good work was being done, and well done. Our sneers have retreated to the background, and we easily tolerate the peculiarities of people who gather the garbage of drunkenness and criminality and help it to recover its lost estate of manhood and womanhood.

Close upon the heels of this organization comes another which makes us open our eyes in wonder. Professor Adler has invited to this country for the purpose of trying an experiment, his friend D. Stanton Colt, a London missionary, but still an American and a man of liberal education. He believes in the gospel of helpfulness, of cheap food, of co-operative stores, and especially of soap and water.

If he has any creed we don't know what it is and don't care to. He will begin his work in the crowded Tenth Ward; will furnish the poor with coal and food at cost; will show them that it is better to be clean than filthy; will make it fashionable to take baths, on the ground that it is easier to resist temptation when you have a clean shirt on than when you are in rags. He will cultivate self respect by means of a bathtub, and show the unfortunate that they still have some friends left in the world. There is to be very little preaching, if any, the object being not to talk but to do something; to present an object lesson which will be more eloquent than any sermon ever delivered.

You may smile and you may shrug your shoulders, but there is more philosophy in the movement and a deeper knowledge of human nature than appears at first sight. If Mr. Colt can make any impression on the Tenth Ward, can wash it clean, can diminish drunkenness by furnishing honest work at fair wages, can make these tenement homes more comfortable, can alleviate some of the worst torments of poverty and substitute comparative contentment and happiness, he will effect a change little short of miraculous and revolutionize the methods of the Christian church.

Give him a free field and all the encouragement he needs. He has one end of the bar under the very foundations of society, and if

he can pry up the lower story the upper stories must go up with it. The man who raises the foundations raises the roof.—New York Herald.

Toasts.

"Here's a health to all those that I love, Here's a health to all those that love me."

However much we may deprecate the time honored custom of health-drinking, there is undoubtedly something inspiring in holding high the sparkling cup, while meeting in friendly clash some chosen comrade, and drinking to health and good luck. The practice is of very early date, the ancient Britons quaffing with the same good will of to-day, many a "bena vobis" (your good health), often measuring the years they wished to a friend by the number of glasses drunk.

The Anglo-Saxons, too, kept up the custom, at their feasts and exercises, and pledged each other's safety in a song to the wine cup.

The latter gives the origin of the word toast, which comes from the Latin *torere*, to scorch, in an interesting anecdote.

It seems that a celebrated beauty at Bath, in the time of Charles the Second, was one day attracting a great deal of admiration, in the public waters, when one of her enthusiastic admirers filled a glass from the waters where she stood and drank her health. Another, with rather more force than elegance, declared that although he didn't care for the liquor, he would take the toast. Hence, from that time, if a glass is drunk in a lady's honor she is called a toast.

Another story in the reign of Henry the Eighth, tells how, when the queen had been placed in the bath by her attendants, swathed in royal wrappings, the doors were opened, and as the custom of the time, and the king entered, accompanied by his courtiers. Then as an act of respect and homage, each noble follower dipped a cup in the bath and carried it to his lips. When the beautiful but unfortunate Anne Boleyn was enjoying her brief triumph as queen, a visitor of distinction, at the court, one day presented himself among other noblemen at her bath. He, however, did not join in the ceremony of drinking her health, but stood gravely by watching the scene, until the king rather rudely took him to task for his want of gallantry.

"I am waiting," replied the nobleman, "for the toast. I prefer it to a swallow of water," at the same time bowing low to the queen.

The bit of toasted bread that was deemed such an important ingredient in many an old-time drink was considered a morsel of honor, and fell to the one whose turn came last to sip from the common cup.

In Cromwell's time, so we read, a favorite toast of the cavaliers was to put a crumb of bread in the glass, and before they drank to say: "God send this Cromwell down."

The very name toast calls up a host of anecdotes that have been the very essence of many a convivial scene.

The well known one of the accomplished Judge Story, at a dinner in honor of Everett's appointment as ambassador to the court of St. James, is especially graceful:

"Genius—sure to be welcomed where Everett goes."

The neat response to this was:

"Law, equity and jurisprudence—no efforts can raise them above one Story."

Alphonse Karr, one of the daintiest writers, once gave a toast at a dinner of physicians, by proposing: "The health of the sick."—Detroit Free Press.

Telling the Worst Last

"Yes, I dabbled in futures once," said the man in the mackintosh, reflectively.

"What?" enquired the man who had his feet on the table.

"No. And it wasn't corn, or oats, or barley, or mess pork, or potatoes, or chips, or what-stones. It was broom corn. I thought there was money in broom corn."

"Put much money in it?" asked the man in the shaggy ulster.

"More money than judgment," sighed the man in the mackintosh, gloomily.

"How much did you lose?"

"I lost \$50,000 I had hoped to make out of the deal."

"Was that all?"

"All! No. I lost \$18,000 I had borrowed from friends."

"Have they got it yet?"

"And that wasn't all!" groaned the man in the mackintosh, unheeding the interruption, and wiping his eye with the corner of his handkerchief. "I lost \$87.65 of my own money."—Chicago Tribune.

Brought up on the Slaughter of Targets. Ensign Newbuttons (showing her the sights on the Flagship).—This Hotchkiss, Miss Rhapode, is capable of terrible execution. By simply turning this crank I can fire six hundred shots a minute and put a hole through almost anything afloat, while screwing the enemy's decks with the dead and maimed!

Miss Rhapode (appalled but admiring).—Dreadful! However do you become insured to such scenes of carnage?

A Social Moon.

"Who is that little man talking to all those people crowded about him? He's been attracting no end of attention to night."

"Why, haven't you heard of Jinkins, the great explorer, just returned from his expedition into the very heart of Bungabo, when he had the most thrilling experiences?"

"Certainly; and you don't tell me that's Jinkins!"

"Oh, no! Jinkins isn't here. That's Filkins, who claims he used to go to the same school with Jinkins."

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Bonnets and Gowns.

THE 1830 poke of black satin has already been mentioned in these columns. It is made by the most fashionable modistes, and is found to be particularly becoming to very young women. It may be very large or of medium size, or else quite small, as the wearer chooses, but is always worn with puffy hair that is shown under the lifted front. A very light shade of moiré, either ciel blue, pink or Nile green, lines the front next the face, and the great panache of ostrich feathers posed outside may be of this color, or black, with perhaps some loops and ends of light satin ribbon. Fanciful hat-plush in sword or dagger shape are thrust through some pokes, while others have velvet strings lapped under the chin and fastened with jeweled brooches. Glace velvets edged with bands of sable tails make the pokes commended by Caroline Reboux of Paris. These are very handsome in sleek brown velvet with bands of dark sable tails around the brim and the low crown. Pale blue moiré, four inches wide, is shirred inside the flaring front, and a twist of blue ribbon with a bow on the left side rests next the hair. A short full curtain droops at the back of the crown. A huge panache of brown ostrich tips is set near the front, and the strings of brown moiré ribbon are two inches wide. Smaller pokes of black velvet in the style of sixty years ago have pale pink cloth lining inside the brim. A small black bow is set on this pink facing. Around the crown is a black satin scarf with stiff wired ends upright on the left side, held there by a gold buckle. An effective garniture, also on the left side, is black ostrich tips that fall forward and backward, to the tip of the front and drooping at the back. The strings are of black satin ribbon. White plush or beaver facing is also seen inside black velvet pokes, with a small bow of white ribbon next the waving hair. Black plumes and an egrette are on the left of the front. A rosette of white satin is at the back, and thence start strings of the same snowy ribbon. Three-cornered hats of black satin are among the fashionable millinery worn this season by very young women. Their smooth brim all in one piece is faced with black velvet, pointed over the forehead and caught up in the back with a single large rosette. The crown is very low, and fitted down in the brim, then trimmed on the left side with four or six black feathers, going half toward the back and half toward the front.

For afternoon calls and for the theater are lovely gold bonnets in keeping with the Empire fashions of the moment. They are exceedingly small pokes in shape, with gold passementerie for the brim and black velvet for the very low crown. Inside the brim is a band with bow of velvet, and a rosette of the same at the back. A panache of four white ostrich tips is erect in front, and the strings are of white satin ribbon. Other gold bonnets have the brim edged thickly with falling jet sequins. Two tiny lace wings are held on the left side by a rosette of turquoise blue glace velvet, or else there are three colors in the rosette. Still other gold bonnets have cupid wings—not white, but glossy black—trembling above two rosettes of glace-blue velvet as they point back from near the front. The brim is edged narrowly with pleated black lace, which falls on the hair in most becoming fashion, and a small bow of lace set directly in front holds a day buckle. Such bonnets point low on each side of a Psyche knot, or a French twist that has loops of hair coiled above. Felt hats are in rather small three-cornered shape, and for general wear are chosen in black, with a low, broad bow in front of velvet—either bright green, dull red, emerald purple, or blue—with a buckle in the strap, and beyond are two black wings widely spread, and pointing sharply toward the back. This hat is in great favor with young women to complete wool costumes for morning wear. Shaded felt hats are among the novelties of the season. They are of beaver felt, which has a slightly shaggy appearance, and shade from light to dark green from one raw cut selvage to the other. A violet-colored velvet bow is not an unusual trimming for such a green hat, and sometimes a cluster of long-stemmed violets is added in front and back. Pale pink felt flats, or plateaus, are in especial favor, pinched into shape as a much-curved crown above a brim of black velvet.

Rainbow satins, beginning with violet on one selvage and ending in pale pink on the other, are used effectively for parts of satin gowns for dinners and dances. A breadth of this gay colored satin trims a low corsage of sky-blue satin by being drawn across the back, covering it in folds (without a seam), then taken up to the top of the bust and tied there in a rosette of its ends. Above this a gold and ecra lace edges the neck and forms winglike epaulettes over puffed short sleeves. The gored skirt of pale blue satin is effectively piped with violet satin in all its seams. The silken Persian lamb and baby lamb furs are used for a yoke and sleeves of black cloth prince-se gowns worn by young women in the street. The effect is of a fur gimp, and the gown is considered warm enough without a wrap. Three to five narrow rolls of the black fur are placed far apart around the skirt, the upper row being above the knee. An odd hat worn with such a gown had a soft artistic crown of the baby lamb, with a transparent brim of black gimpure edged with a tiny roll of the fur. Chamisole waists that fit the figure like corset covers are worn under the dress by young women who go out on wintry days without a wrap. Some of these waists are of the skins without lining, while others are dyed black and are lined with thin black silk. Large buttons of smoked pearl are on the front of new sealskin coats, and are said to be the most satisfactory fastening yet found for fur wraps.

A unique gown of black serge of the widest diagonal has a waist of Astrakhan fur, with sleeves of the serge, collar and belt of jet, and a great bow of white lace at the throat. The skirt has three Astrakhan bands around it, and is quite full in the back, the edge escaping the ground. With this is a black felt hat trimmed with purplish-red roses.

Among the notable features of current fashions may be mentioned the significant exhibition of stiffening in the skirts of dresses. Just what this means, it needs no prophet to tell us. It may be, and the contingency is by no means remote, that we are to see a revival of the hoop-skirt. There is this satisfaction, however, in contemplating the present situation. The American woman has come to have a mind of her own. She would not for any length of time tolerate the long skirts in the street, neither is she likely to put up with a fashion that will be inconvenient or unbecoming. If the hoop-skirt is conservative, sensible and convenient, she may abide in it for a while, but let it get out of a certain bound of practical use, and she will have none of it. It is scarcely to be supposed that in this day and age of the world we are to make ourselves ridiculous as has been done aforesaid. There may be, and by some it is claimed that there is, comfort and convenience in a slightly flaring skirt if one is fond of walking. The draperies are kept from flapping about the ankles; and, indeed, it is true that pedestrianism is much easier in such a skirt, but for house wear and general use, they will have to be very conservative and adaptable to be endured. New skirts show evidences of an inclination to spread out still more. The gores are yet more flaring and a cone with the tip cut off is not a bad model for the fashionable woman from the waist down. Another inconvenient and much-to-be-deplored fashion is the very long shoulder-seams which costumers are trying to force upon us. Some of these days, and that before very long, we will be obliged to put on our bonnets before we button up our dresses, as we used to some years ago. There ought to be some sense about fashions, but until there is more unanimity in sentiment on this subject, there seems to be no hope for it. The world has no fashion leader, and we are content to take second-hand many of the models that Paris designers put upon the market merely for the sake of having something new. The long shoulder-seam has not one point to recommend it. It does not improve the figure, it is not graceful and it is most outrageously uncomfortable and inconvenient; and yet, because there is no sensible leader in the world of styles, we seem to be left no alternative other than to take up with a caprice to which there are so many objections. LA MODE.

Individualities.

Verdi's latest opera, Falstaff, will be given at Milan somewhere between February 10 and 16. Maurel will create the title role.

The young men of Yale are agitating the question of abolishing compulsory attendance at morning prayers. They even want Sunday church attendance made optional.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, who sprang into fame at the age of twenty as the author of Gates Ajar, is now in her fiftieth year. Her face is still very young and she has a good color.

Count and Countess Cassa Miranda, nee Christine Nilsson, will visit the United States next year, the Count having been appointed Delegate-General of the Spanish World's Fair Commission.

Lady Brooke—she who "gave away" the Tranby-Croft baccarat story—has started a Friendship Garden at which grow only flowers and shrubs that have been planted there by her dearest friends.

Madame Ribot, wife of the new French Premier, is a daughter of the late Isaac H. Burch of New York, whose wife was a niece of Erasmus Corning. She has made Paris her home for the last thirty years, and has been twice married there.

Mr. Alfred Gilbert's selection to the rank of Royal Academician has been hailed with satisfaction. The critics are pleased and likewise the students of the Royal Academy Schools, who rapturously applauded the new Immortal on his appearance in the lecture room at the distribution of prizes last week.

M. de Lesseps, in spite of the terrible strain that the Panama troubles must make on him, has very little changed in appearance during the last few years. His eyes are as bright as ever and his smile cheerful. He has become terribly deaf and talks but little.

The body of a man who had died of starvation was recently picked up in the Veldt of the Transvaal. From his neck hung a silver medal showing that twenty-eight years ago he had won a prize at a baby show at Durban. What an untimely end for a prize-baby!

Carmen Sylva, the poet Queen of Roumania, is reported to be completely paralyzed in the lower portion of her body. She is living at Neuwed, Germany, with her mother, and as there seems to be no chance of moving, she will probably die there in a few months.

Miss Dorothy Dene, the fair English actress who is connected with the Theater of Arts and Letters of New York, was once the model of Sir Frederick Leighton, president of the Royal Academy in London. Her face and figure appear in many of his most famous pictures.

Some prize chrysanthemum blossoms have lately been sent from England to a coming flower show at Wellington, New Zealand. The distance to be covered is 16,000 miles or so. The blossoms were first frozen and each bloom was completely congealed in its zinc stand, the process taking four days.

There has been a great deal of maudlin sentiment over the sentence passed on Miss Gwyneth Mauds, the young London thief. The fact that she was well educated made the crime all the more reprehensible, and she deserves every day of the three months' imprisonment she is now enjoying.

Some very important letters were to be used in a Chicago divorce case, in which an injured husband claimed \$50,000 damages. A man calling himself a reporter called at the office of the plaintiff's lawyer, obtained leave to copy the incriminating letters, substituted some worthless papers and succeeded in getting away with the originals.

The Parisian boulevardier is not happy unless he can exercise his wit on even the most serious affairs of the day; so the persons connected with the shameful Panama scandal are called *Panamiteurs*, thus coupling with

dynamiteurs; Paris *fin de siècle* has become Paris *fin de cheque*, and they speak there now of a man having *de cheques* instead of *chic*.

The large dowry which Miss Florence Davis of New York will bring to Lord Terence Blackwood will be most useful to the House of Dufferin, though it is in no way a marriage of convenience. Lord Dufferin has always felt it his duty to devote the last farthing of his diplomatic salary and allowances to the purposes for which they were granted—those of representation.

Governor Flower of New York has released a woman named Polly Frisch, who was undergoing a life sentence for murder and had been in prison for thirty-three years. In 1859 she poisoned her husband, a prosperous young farmer in Genesee county, N. Y., and their two children. She was convicted on her fourth trial and sentenced to be hanged, which sentence was afterwards commuted to life imprisonment.

In an old scrap book in his office at Savannah, Georgia, Judge Thomas J. Sheftall has a curious collection of Confederate stamps. Some are crude in execution, and none are perforated. The Confederate postmaster must have had a hard time cutting off the number required by purchasers. One of the most valuable stamps in the collection is that of Greenville, Ala. On its face, printed in blue ink, are the words—"Paid, five; Greenville, Ala."

Emperor William of Germany has again demonstrated his friendliness by offering to loan the United States government the collection of gifts which have been made to his ancestors and to himself. This is the first time these gifts have been loaned, and the action of the young Emperor is considered a great compliment to Americans. The collection is made up of articles of rare value, and the United States government will be held strictly responsible. Fire and burglar proof safes will be provided, and the collection will probably be displayed within the Palace of Fine Arts.

Here is an episode that might figure in Andersen's *Marchen*. The figurants are a donkey, his master, and the Princess May, the affianced of the recently deceased Prince Albert Victor. The donkey was, it seems, very small, very tired, and very pathetic, as he strove to tug his heavy fur cart under a shower of blows from the master. Upon this homely tragedy the princess appeared, as princesses always do in the fairy tales, radiant in attire, melting in tenderness, and pavilioned in a splendid equipage. The woes of the donkey at once enlisted her interest; she halted her high-pacing steeds, protested to the inhuman donkey man, and was saluted in return by an outbreak of abuse such as no royal ears have heard since George II. vented his billingsgate upon Walpole. Persuasion proving useless, the princess commanded her footman to disarm the raller of his bludgeon, which it seems the lackey did with alacrity. The furious donkey man then, in his right as a Briton, demanded his interlocutor's name, to have summonses issued against the lady and her man. He visited upon the beaming Samaritan all the variations of that vocabulary known as the costermonger's own, since O'Connell's encounter with the Billingsgate fishwife of immortal memory. As the truculent raller had the law on his side in demanding the name, the princess emerged from her incognito. Lightning or a live wire touching the man's backbone couldn't have performed a more sudden or grotesque transformation. From the gutter, where he instantly fell upon his knees, the horrified vendor set up a terrified plea for mercy and grace, interspersed with vows to "your royal ighness" to treat the donkey as a man and brother henceforth forever.

A Columbian Victor.

He was coming out of the postoffice with quite a strut in his walk, and that sort of a triumphant air which a Roman conqueror put on when his grateful people gave him an ovation after he had thumped the enemies of Rome. He was a little man, too, and the valiance of him was the more noticeable.

"Don't hit him again," exclaimed a friend, meeting him with a laugh.

"Oh—ah—excuse me," he stammered, as if caught doing something he shouldn't. "However," he went on, "I do feel like a gladiator, or a champion slugger, and I guess I show it."

"You do very plainly. What is the cause of it? Been in a fight?"

"No, not exactly."

"What is it, then?"

"You've seen those new Columbian postage stamps? You know how big they are?"

The friend nodded.

"And I'm not a very big man, am I?"

The friend shook his head.

"Well," and the little man blew his chest out, "I licked four of them in there a few minutes ago and didn't get a scratch."

Sentences Passed by the Judge.

The manner of giving is the gift.

Gifts should be a matter of inspiration and not of calculation.

Experience is the most costly and the most indispensable thing.

A man requires a vast amount of space in proportion to his size.

The faithful disciples of the holy prophet will respect the crumbs on his beard.

A full stocking has ceased to be proof of the approximate presence of the children's saint.

There is nothing which man is born into the world so destitute of as habit, or which he so amply and so soon acquires.

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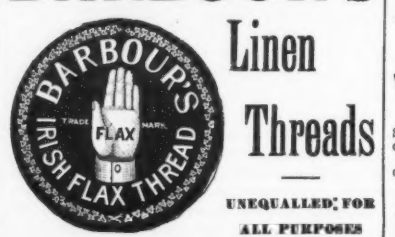
Fancy Stripe Satin Skirts, flannel lined, \$5, former price \$7 75.
Fancy Stripe Satin Skirts, \$5 50, former price \$10 50.
Skirts, satin, fancy stripe, trimmed, flannel lined, \$5, were \$6 50.
Black Quilted Satin Skirts, flannel lined, \$6, were \$9 50.
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Continued from Page One.

Thoughtful readers must have noticed that the best papers in the United States are discussing the advisability of prohibiting immigration during 1893. If the United States is wise they will follow the advice given them by men who know that the influx of tourists will be all that the quarantine officers can control. If immigrants are permitted to land, the entire citizenship of New York will be unable to prevent the incoming of paupers, criminals and persons tainted with disease. We are told by the despatches that thousands of steamers are lying idle in English seaports. We know also that nearly every large tramp steamer has already arranged for a passenger route this year. The thousand idle steamers will join this great band of adventurers ; from every port in Europe regular tourists will embark for America to see the World's Fair ; freight will be scarce ; emigrants will be carried for almost nothing. Lurking in a hundred, yes, in a thousand centers of population, principally in Mediterranean and Black Sea ports, frequently in North German and Russian ports, cholera is existing as a half-subdued plague. How then can the American people hope to exclude the pest when hundreds of tramp steamers, with the name of no respectable line to be kept free from taint, load upon the wharves tens of thousands of emigrants, infected and otherwise ? If steamers are allowed to bring emigrants this year to the United States, cholera is a certainty ; the poverty and helplessness of the emigrants after they are landed will make them cluster together, and an epidemic must follow in spite of all the quarantine rules which can be enacted.

My friend told me another story illustrating Ben Butler's methods, and though it is an old one and has been often repeated it will be interesting to those outside of his profession. The cashier of a bank, it is said, came to him and confessed that he had embezzled fifty thousand dollars. Butler asked him how much more he could get his hands on. He admitted that a hundred thousand dollars more could be obtained at once. Butler told him to go and get it. He came back in an hour and put it on his lawyer's table. In the meantime Butler had summoned the directors of the bank, who were in an inner office. He told them that their cashier was a defaulter to the extent of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars and had escaped in safety to Canada. The money had all been spent except twenty-five thousand dollars, which his client was willing to return if no proceedings would be taken against him. Of course twenty-five thousand dollars looked better than nothing, and they accepted the compromise after examining the books. When the client and counsel came to settle, the story has it that Butler kept the seventy-five thousand dollars, simply telling his client that if he had confessed to the theft of fifty thousand and had nothing to return he would have got states prison for life, but as he had arranged to get him off he would attend to the trifling difference remaining in his hands. This may be an exaggeration, but it is another example of Butler's craft.

Mr. George Grossmith.

A Shock.
"I had awful hard luck yesterday," said Harry Wilson the tramp. "I struck a man who had work that he wanted done."

words of the four-part song entitled Evening, which appeared in SATURDAY NIGHT a few months ago. The poem is composed by Miss Esther Talbot (Blossom) Kingsmill, who, although quite a young girl has given evidence of possessing literary ability in no small degree. This particular little gem certainly deserves

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Corby we
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Douglas R-
Lazier, Mr.
Mrs. W. H-
Mrs. Casey
M.P.P., Mr.
Harry Tho-
and Mrs. H-
Alexander,
Smart, Mr.
Clute, Mr.
kins, Mr. A.
Mrs. Walk-
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ton, Mr.
and Mrs. So-
and Mrs. T-
Phillips, Mr.
Clinton, Mr.
Cusig, Mr.
Richie, the
Miss Procto-
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Out of Town.

Belleville.

The hospitable doors of Belwode, the town residence of H. Corby, M.P., were again thrown open to the elite of Belleville on Thursday evening of last week, when Mr. and Mrs. Corby welcomed their friends to one of the finest private balls which has ever been given in the city. The mansion was artistically decorated with palms and flowers, and when filled with the handsome and elegantly attired guests presented a picture which would have delighted an artist's eye; but the most beautiful picture, in the opinion of the guests, was that of our handsome Harry and his charming wife receiving their guests with that inborn grace which makes even the shyest feel perfectly at ease. Mrs. Corby wore a magnificent black moire princess gown with high velvet sleeves and diamond ornaments. Her daughter, Miss Helen, wore a pretty cream faille with venetian lace trimming, while Miss Alice was attired in cream Henrietta. Among the guests were: Mr. Douglas Ponton of Toronto, Col. and Mrs. Lazier, Mr. and Mrs. Lyons Biggar, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Northrup, Dr. and Mrs. Farley, Mrs. Casey, Miss Biggar, Mr. W. H. Biggar, M.P.P., Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Thompson, Mr. Harry Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Falkner, Mr. and Mrs. Hulme, Mr. and Mrs. Jamieson, Mrs. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Stewart, Mrs. Smart, Mr. and Mrs. W. Pope, Mr. and Mrs. Clute, Mr. and Mrs. Pole, Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Bird, Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell, Mr. and Mrs. Warrington, Mr. and Mrs. T. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Sewell, Mr. and Mrs. Lingham, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Lazier, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. C. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Brignall, Dr. and Mrs. Clinton, Mr. and Mrs. Stork, Mr. and Mrs. McCaig, Mr. and Mrs. Cumming, Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie, the Misses Kelso, the Misses Yarwood, Miss Proctor, Mrs. and Miss Davy, the Misses Stella and Ada Taylor, Mrs. and Miss Willson, Miss Corby, Mrs. McMahon, Mr. and Mrs. Mason, Mr. and Miss Willis, Dr. Willis, Miss Buchanan, Mr. and Mrs. Denmark, Messrs. Gillen, Waters, Starling, Mussen, Campbell, Forin, Robert and Stephen Lazier, Grant, Roberts, McCauley, Lawson, Laidlaw, D. Robertson, Henry Thomas, Dr. McColl, Capt. Helliwell and Mayor Wallbridge.

Miss Agles and Miss Waterson of Toronto are visiting Mrs. Waterson of George street.

Lady Stanley gave a magnificent tea in honor of the Geological Club of America, in session at the capital. Several Belleville people were guests on this occasion, among whom was Miss Bessie Greene, who is spending the winter with her aunt, Hon. Mrs. Lambart.

On Tuesday evening, January 10, Miss Grace Webster entertained a few of her friends at her residence on Bridge street. Dancing was the chief attraction of the evening, but those who did not care for the terpsichorean art had ample opportunity to enjoy themselves with quiet conversation in the many pretty alcoves. Miss Webster is a charming hostess and on Tuesday evening surpassed all her previous efforts. Among the guests were: Miss Warrington, Miss Phillips, Miss Vandevort, Miss Irene Brignall, Miss Jessie McLean, Miss Cashman of Toronto, Miss Grace Bogart, Messrs. Frank and Harry McKeown, Cook, Davy, Edgar of Kingston, J. Nevill Doyle, J. McLean, Fralick, Gorman and W. McLean.

Miss Phillips gave a dancing party on Monday evening to about twenty of her friends. The invited guests were: Misses Vandevort, Coleman, Cashman, Lingham, McLean, Brignall, Webster, and Messrs. McKeown, McLean, Edgar of Kingston, Davy, Doyle, Cook, Fralick, Gorman and W. McLean.

Mrs. Fralick gave a dancing party on Friday evening for her eldest son, Mr. Ernest Fralick. Miss Burnham of Port Hope is the guest of Mrs. Gorman.

Mrs. Caldwell, nee Miss Mary Wallbridge, child and nurse, of Winnipeg, are in the city, the guests of Mayor Wallbridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Miss Warrington left on Saturday for England, where Miss Warrington will continue her studies for two years. Master Miran Warrington will attend Upper Canada College, Toronto, until his parents return from the Old Country in May.

Miss Roberts of Montreal is the guest of Mrs. Starling of Queen street.

Miss Annie Wallbridge of the White House will entertain the Young Ladies' Pedro Club on Thursday evening.

BETSEY.

St. Catharines.

One of the most novel and charming events of the season was a ball given by Miss Ida Woodruff at Victoria Hall on Monday evening, January 2. The rooms were prettily decorated and the floor was all that could be desired. Music was furnished by Kuhn of Buffalo and a programme of nearly thirty dances was thoroughly enjoyed by the young people. Mrs. Henry Miller assisted the hostess in receiving her guests, about a hundred and fifty in number. Among those present were: Mrs. S. D. Woodruff, Miss Miller, Mrs. Haynes, Mr. and Mrs. W. Woodruff, Mrs. Neelon, Mr. and Mrs. E. Neelon, Mr. and Mrs. A. Woodruff, Miss Benson, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Mack, Mrs. Douglas, Mrs. Armitage, Mr. and Mrs. McClive, Miss Yale, Miss Carlisle, Miss Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Groves, Dr. and Mrs. Merritt, Mr. and Miss Helen Merritt, Dr. and Mrs. Barnum, Mrs. Larkin, Mrs. W. Benson, Mr. and Mrs. Ingersoll, Mrs. Downey, Mrs. C. Downey, Mr. and Mrs. Cop, Mrs. G. M. Neelon, Mr. and Mrs. Cox, Miss St. John, Mrs. P. McCallum, Miss Murray, Miss Eccles, Miss E. Ingersoll, Miss King, Miss Birchall, the Misses Bate, Miss M. Coy, Miss Baxter, the Misses Larkin, the Misses Mack, Miss Ball, the Misses Fenton, Miss E. Woodruff, the Misses Coy, Miss A. Benson, the Misses McCallum, Miss McLaren, the Misses Clark, Miss Atkinson, Messrs. Senkler, Collier, Crombie, H. Senkler, Coy, W. E. Woodruff, Bate, Ramage, Shaw and Martin (of Toronto), Boyle, Chatterton, Anderson, A. Woodruff, Nolls (of Niagara), McCullum, Moore, Symmes, Macdonald, Lash (of Toronto), Downey, Helliwell, McClive, H. Woodruff, Jemmett, King, Unlacke, Carr, Fowler, F. Coy, Chisholm, Fuller, W. A. Carlisle, Smith, Peterson, Bixby and others. The costumes worn by the ladies are worthy to be described, being the handsomest

ever seen in a ball-room here. Mrs. Henry Miller, black lace; Miss Ida Woodruff, white silk and lace; Mrs. McClive, salmon pink and black moire sleeves; Mrs. G. Neelon, white silk and black lace; Mrs. Hunt, heliotrope velvet and white silk; Mrs. G. M. Neelon, pale green and pink chiffon; Mrs. W. Benson, white India silk, pale cord, pink velvet sleeves; Miss St. John, white crepe, pearl passementerie; Mrs. Groves, pale green faille, dark green velvet sleeves; Miss E. Bate, pale green with white lace; Miss Mack, salmon pink, black fur and black velvet sleeves; Miss A. Larkin, coral pink crepe and pearl trimmings; Miss Fenton, biscuit crepe with apple green ribbons; Miss C. Mack, pale blue, fur trimmings, with myrtle green velvet sleeves; Miss L. Larkin, pink crepe, emerald green velvet sleeves; Miss King, white silk with coral pink trimmings; Miss A. Benson, pale green corded silk; Mrs. P. McCallum, heavy white corded silk trimmed with pearls; Miss Murray, pale gray faille with pink velvet sleeves; Mrs. W. Woodruff, white embroidered chiffon; Miss Amy Larkin, white silk tissue with white striped gauze sleeves; Miss Eccles, black net with pale pink silk sleeves; Miss H. Merritt, yellow silk; Mrs. A. Woodruff, lemon-colored silk and white lace.

Mrs. Welland Woodruff gave a delightful impromptu progressive euchre party on Wednesday evening, January 4. The prizes were exceedingly pretty. The first ladies' prize was won by Miss Carrie Mack after a close and exciting contest with Mrs. Alfred Woodruff. Miss E. Woodruff received the ladies' booby prize and Mr. H. Woodruff the gentlemen's. Those present were: Miss E. Woodruff, the Misses Larkin, Mrs. Woodbridge, Miss A. Woodruff, the Misses Bate, Miss Baxter, the Misses Mack, Miss King, Messrs. A. Woodruff, Shaw, Ramage, H. Woodruff, Bate, Senkler, Helliwell and Burson.

On Thursday afternoon of last week Mrs. T. R. Merritt gave a most enjoyable At Home in honor of Mrs. Calvin Brown and Mrs. W. H. Merritt. Notwithstanding the unpleasantness of the weather, a large number of people thronged the rooms of Rodman Hall. Those who assisted were: Miss Benson, Mrs. Mack, Mrs. A. Brown, Mrs. H. Ingersoll, Mrs. Armitage, the Misses Merritt, the Misses Mack, Miss Clegburn, Miss Ingersoll, Miss Annie Benson, Miss Roblin, Miss C. Brown. Among those present were: Mrs. S. D. Woodruff, Mrs. Rykert, Mrs. S. Neelon, Mrs. Bixby, Mrs. W. Price, Mrs. Cox, Mrs. Fenton, Mrs. W. T. Benson, Mrs. R. McLaren, Mrs. Goodman, Mrs. W. H. McClive, the Misses Bate, Benson, King, Birchall, Atkinson, Eccles, St. John, Burson, McLaren, Nay, Baxter and very many others.

Mrs. H. Ingersoll gave a dance Thursday evening of last week in honor of her brother, Mr. Clarence Fowler. Those present were: The Misses Bate, Ingersoll, Merritt, Benson, Larkin, Nay, Coy, Robin, Locke, Clark and King, and Messrs. Senkler, Reynolds, Coy, Carr, Merritt, Unlacke, Brown, Nay, Locke, Bate, Campbell, Ramage and Chatterton.

Mrs. S. Fenton gave a luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Downey of Chicago. The table was most artistically decorated, the exquisite yellow roses used adding greatly to its lovely appearance.

The Misses Cross entertained a number of their friends on Thursday evening, January 5. Those present were: Misses Roblin, Dawson, King, Palmer, Merritt, and Messrs. Jemmett, Nay, Clark, Dawson, Chatterton and Brown.

A large and enthusiastic audience greeted The Westerner at the Grand Opera House on Wednesday evening, December 23. The Misses Fenton gave a small supper afterwards, and those who were present had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Emerson Knowles, who took the part of Harry Lawton so successfully.

Mrs. J. O. Miller has gone on an extended visit to her relatives at Santa Barbara, California.

Miss Mabel Birchall is the guest of her sister, Mrs. A. Jukes.

Mr. R. H. Carr has gone to Santa Barbara, Cal., for the winter.

Mrs. Downey and Mrs. O. Downey of Chicago are the guests of Mrs. St. John, Ontario street.

Mr. Harold Senkler left on Thursday for Victoria, B. C. It is needless to say that he will be greatly missed by his numerous friends.

Mrs. J. P. Merritt gave a children's party last Wednesday evening.

Invitations are out for a large dance to be given by the Misses Fenton next Thursday evening.

Simcoe.

On Monday evening, January 2, a very jolly dance was given in Mabee's Hall, by the young men, which was thoroughly enjoyed by about forty young people, and the wee sma' hours came only too soon for the gay dancers. Among the crowd I particularly noticed: Mrs. Hal. B. Donly, in a becoming dress of corded blue silk of a very pretty shade; Miss Brook, in a light gray silk with white shoes and gloves; Mrs. Boyd looked well in a black and yellow costume; Miss Mary Toms, in a scarlet Empire gown, with silver bands in her hair, looked very pretty; as did also Miss Livingston, in black net with yellow ribbons.

A most charming reception was given on Friday afternoon, January 6, by Mrs. Brook for her daughter, Mrs. H. B. Donly. Elmhurst is well adapted for anything of this kind, and the arrangements were perfect. Mrs. Brook received her friends in a very stylish gown of black net, trimmed with pale blue crepe de chine; Mrs. Donly looked well in her wedding gown of white corded silk. Dainty refreshments were served in the dining-room and were attended to by Miss Brook, Miss Donly, Miss Chadwick and Miss Dixon. We noticed among the pretty dresses most particularly: Mrs. Hicks, in black lace, with a very pretty red bonnet; Mrs. Hayes looked well in a scarlet cloth dress, with large black velvet sleeves; Mrs. Ivey, in black and yellow; Miss Livingston, in a cloth suit and large white hat; Miss Toms, in a stylish brown suit trimmed with fur; Mrs. J. C. Boyd, in gray and black with large black hat.

Mr. Archie Kilgour of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Bradford, spent a few days in town during the holidays.

Messrs. Campbell and Archie Beecher of London are spending a few weeks at Lynwood.

Mr. E. P. Hannaford of Montreal spent a few days in town last week.

Miss Dixon of Port Huron is at Elmhurst, the guest of Miss Brook.

Miss Carrie McCall, Miss Georgie Nellis and Miss Bell Taylor, after spending three pleasant weeks at home, return to their respective colleges.

Miss Mary Toms has returned to Ann Arbor. Her many friends will regret to hear of her departure.

Miss Johnson and Miss McCartney of Dunnville, who were visiting friends here, have returned home.

Mrs. Canfield is spending a few days in Toronto.

Mrs. Holmstead of Dundas is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Salmon.

Miss McBurney is home for the holidays.

Miss Allie Stennett is in Toronto for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Donly were At Home on Wednesday evening to the members of the Phoenix Club, of which Mr. Donly is secretary-treasurer. Mrs. Donly was assisted by her sister, Miss Brook, and Miss Dixon, and by Mr. Donly's sisters, Mrs. Ivey and Miss Donly.

Mrs. and Miss Sadler, who have been spending the holidays with Mrs. E. Cowdry of the Bank of Commerce, have returned to Hamilton.

Mrs. J. A. Austin gave a dancing party for her son Jonta. The young people thoroughly enjoyed themselves, knowing it would be the last before leaving for different schools and colleges.

Miss Mabel Fraser had a small evening for Duncan Campbell before leaving for college. All spent a most enjoyable time.

CLIS AND MURIEL.

Whitby.

Mrs. Richardson gave an enjoyable card and dancing party on Tuesday evening last for her nephew, Mr. Jack Richardson of Brockville, who spent the holidays here as her guest. Mr. Richardson returned to his studies at Queen's, Kingston, this week.

Miss Barbara Campbell's progressive whist party on Friday evening ended in one of the jolliest dances of the season.

Mr. John Keyes of the Ontario bank has been transferred to the Bowmanville branch. Mr. Chas. Blair of County-Attorney Farewell's office is also lost to us to that neighboring town, where he takes first place as assistant in the law practice of Mr. D. Burk Simpson.

Miss E. Pauline Johnson, the Indian poetess, will be assisted in her programme of readings in the music hall this week by Mr. Fred. Gibson, Miss Bertha Fidler and Mrs. W. O. Johnston of Muskegon, Mich.

Miss B. Dartnell has been spending the holidays in Hamilton.

MEG.

London.

A charming At Home was given on Tuesday evening, January 3, by Miss Jennie Wright, at her beautiful home on Wellington street, facing Victoria park, where a good programme of dances was run out. The following are among the fortunate ones to receive invitations: Misses Higgins, Nellie Higgins, Misses Dawson, Powell, Elliott, Pigott, Shephard, McIntosh, Miss Jessie McIntosh, Misses Southam, Richardson, Goodve, Fraser, Miss Jennie Fraser, Misses Bartham, Minniknick, Ferguson, Stewart and Spedal, and the gentlemen were: Messrs. Fisher, White, Furness, Eardley, Reid, Spittal, Dawson, Powell, McMillan, Mills, Beltz, Morris, Bains, Ferguson, Sutherland. Dancing was kept up until the sound of merry sleigh bells outside reminded the young people that another day was about to dawn, and all pronounced it a very enjoyable affair.

Mrs. R. Kilgour, South London, gave a small but pleasant At Home, on Wednesday evening, January 4.

Miss Jennie Carey of Petrolia is the guest of Mrs. C. W. Davis, Tecumseh House.

Miss Goodve of Mitchell is the guest of Miss Richardson.

Geo. C. Davis has returned to the Dental College, Philadelphia.

Miss Mabel Guppy, Newburg, is the guest of Miss M. Batzner, Horton street.

On January 6th the Preston Club gave the first of their popular hops for the season 1893 in the City Hall. The attendance was large, the company select, and the affair very happy and enjoyable. The ladies were all charmingly attired and it would be a hard matter to tell who was the belle of the ball. The hall never looked so beautiful. The Italian string band furnished the sweet incentive to the dancers, and the scene presented was enchanting as viewed by many from the galleries. A delightful supper was served in the council chamber, which was neatly curtained off by huge flags, under the caterpillar of Mr. H. J. Carter and his staff of assistants from the Tecumseh House. The officers and members of the club are worthy of the thanks of all who had the pleasure of participating in the dance. These gentlemen are as follows: Dr. J. D. Balfour, president; W. Simson, vice-president; W. L. Fitzgerald, treasurer; W. White, secretary; James H. Ferguson, W. H. Morgan, Wm. Spittal, J. E. Bell, R. E. Bland, Dr. A. T. Hobbs, A. R. Kingsmill. The outside towns were well represented, and we noticed: Messrs. O. W. Smith, W. A. Campbell, C. W. Regan, Robert McLaughlin, H. McConnell, Dr. S. Day, J. P. Merritt, John McCance, James McCance, Mr. and Mrs. James Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. James Carrie, Dr. and Mrs. Fitzel, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Miller, Miss Broderick, Miss Hattie Broderick, Miss Eva Zealand, Miss Ida Zealand, Miss Etta Kipp, and Miss Maggie Stewart of St. Thomas; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Nairn, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Fear, Miss Bingham, Miss Jennie Bingham, Misses Lou White, Miss Sue Hoag, Miss Edie Brown, Miss Kate Mann, Miss May Weisbrod, Miss Nellie Smith, Messrs. Murray Parthing, George H. Hinch, T. Doxtator, J. Clutton, P. Weisbrod, George Hoag and D. Davis of Aylmer; Mr. Clarence Darling and Mr. A. S. Hand of Simcoe, Miss Edie MacEachrane of Clifford, Miss Teddy Lawrence of Lucknow, Mr. F. R. Foster of Tilsonburg, Miss Minnie Heyd and Miss Lizzie Lee of Brantford, Mr. George Bains, Mr. R. Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Ferguson and Miss Elsie Neild of Stratford, Mr. John B. and Miss Maud Ferguson of Birn P. O., Mr. Spencer Stone of Chatham, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. McLeod and Dr. Piper of Parkhill, Mr. Blass Carey, Mr. Blass and Mr. B. T. Van Tuyle, Mr. Hugh Simpson, Mr. E. A. Fitzgerald, Misses Jennie Carey, Maud McCart,

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Lizzie McCart, Nan McCart of Petrolia; Messrs. E. W. Devlin, Will White, Hartley, Scott, Lint and Chadwick of Toronto; Mr. John Gould of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Davis of Syracuse, N. Y., Misses E. Brooks, C. and S. Cameron, Janet Robertson and Mr. H. McIlwain of Chicago, Ill.; Miss Kit Brownell and Miss Lily Curran of Rochester, N. Y.; Mr. A. J. Patterson and Mr. A. E. Saunders of Sarnia, Mr. W. C. Harris of Delaware, Ont., the Misses Maud and Mary Chadwick, Mr. and Mrs. George White, Mr. Charles Love and Miss Maggie Ewart; Miss Helena Moore of Larnore, N. D.

Miss A. E. Taylor of 31 Riverview avenue, South London, gave a small At Home on January 4, in honor of Miss Lily Curran of Brooklyn.

On January 10 Mr. and Mrs. McSweeney of Customs House gave a small tea party.

ON DIT.

Meaford.

The topic of conversation in social circles for several days past has been the approaching nuptials of Miss Maggie Sing, eldest daughter of Mr. C. R. Sing, reeve of the township of St. Vincent, and Mr. W. T. Moore, of the firm of Messrs. Welham, Moore & Sons. The happy event was celebrated on the evening of January 4, at Swathmore Hall, the handsome residence of the bride's father, Rev. J. Baker, uncle of the bride, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Stone, performed the interesting ceremony.

The bride was handsomely attired in cream corded silk draped with Brussels lace, and wore the regulation veil with orange blossoms. She carried a beautiful bouquet of white roses and hyacinths. Miss Stovel, of Toronto, cousin of the bride, who wore cream cashmere and lace; Miss Moore, sister of the groom, in fawn colored cord, trimmed with shot silk, and Miss Mabel Sing, niece of the bride, attired in pale pink cashmere, made charming bridesmaids.

Two pretty little girls, Alice Sing and Amy Cameron, nieces of the bride, were the maids of honor. The groomsmen were Mr. Harry Moore, B.A., of the Civil service, Ottawa, brother of the groom, and Mr. William H. Sing, brother of the bride. After the ceremony about sixty invited guests partook of a sumptuous wedding supper. The bride received many beautiful presents from friends in Canada and the States, testifying to the high esteem in which she is held. Mr. and Mrs. Moore left about 10.30 for Collingwood to take the morning train for an extended bridal tour to Buffalo, New York and other American cities carrying with them the best wishes of a large number of friends. On their return they will reside on Trowbridge street, Meaford. Among the guests present were: Mr. and Mrs. Robert McKnight, Mr. and Mrs. Corbett, Owen Sound; Mr. and Mrs. Adams, Hanover; Mr. and Mrs. T. Andrews, the Misses Tyson, Thornbury; Mr. L. Rorke, D.L.S., North Bay; Miss Sing, Milton, Wis.; Mr. and Mrs. William Moore, Mr. and Mrs. P. Christie, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Stone, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Sing, Mr. and Mrs. McK. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. S. Richmond, Mr. G. Carnahan, Meaford.

Lindsay.

I went up to Lindsay for the opening of the new Opera House and was astonished to find in a town of its size such a gem. The tout ensemble of its chaste interior made one feel quite confident of having a pleasant evening's amusement, and when I tell you that Toronto's favorite, Mrs. Caldwell, Miss Jessie Alexander, Mr. Warrington and Mr. H. W. Rich charmed us for two hours, you will certainly have no doubt that the hopes of the audience were fully realized. Upon entering the audi-

torium one was struck by the beautiful and lofty ceiling with its delicately rich fresco and exquisite coloring, which blended harmoniously with all the surroundings, and as further architectural and ornamental features catch the eye a feeling of perfect satisfaction and restfulness grows upon the observer. The ceiling and walls under the horse-shoe gallery are painted in delightful blendings of terra cotta, and an air of delicious comfort and warmth of color pervades every part of the house. There is accommodation for one thousand people, including four hundred and fifty folding chairs, and the stage is clearly visible from every seat. There are also private boxes. The stage is thirty-six feet deep and the whole width of the building, with fifteen complete sets of scenery and the necessary set pieces. The drop curtain is very handsome and the whole building can compare favorably with any in Toronto.

Fatal Shocks of Elocution.

"What street did you say?" enquired the old man of the "L" guard, who had just shot off an indiscriminate howl midway between a curse and the call of the milkman to his mate. "I said Twenty-third street, dat's what I said," replied the tough guard.

"Pardon me, you did not," the old man spoke up.

The two glared at each other for a moment. The old man won the glaring match and the guard fell as he retreated to his platform.

"What you old fellows want is lessons in elocution," went on the old man, following up his advantage. "Who wouldn't hit an 'L' guard again if he got him down? You can learn elocution cheap. In fact, you can learn it cheap from me. I'm a professor of the art. How much better it is to say 'Twenty-third' street like this (and he said it properly) than to yell out this (giving an imitation) like a Comanche with the jimjams."

"Ah, come off!" the "L" man suddenly exclaimed, feeling that it was his cue to resent a public insult.

The professor disregarded this request and went on: "I think it would be possible to induce the Manhattan company to let me establish a night school to teach you the glorious principles of elocution. You people need lessons worse than any class of men I know. You get your living by elocuting and you can't say a single word right. If you got your deserts you would be prosecuted for obtaining money under false pretences."

"I shall see Colonel Hain about it," he concluded, "and if he chimes in with the scheme I shall make it a personal object with myself to refuse you a diploma until you know as much about elocution as I do," and he went away.

"I wonder what the old man was getting at," mused the guard. "Elocution! Why, that's what they kill murderers with up in Sing Sing. I ain't no murderer."—N. Y. Herald.

Serious Drawback.

Miss Walton—Is marriage a failure in your town, Mr. Outwest?
Mr. Outwest—I'm sorry to say it is.
Miss Walton—Why?
Mr. Outwest—Lack of women.

An Heroic Failure.

First Club Youth—Have you heard about Willie Dwyer? He's broken down at college.
Second Club Youth—Poor fellow—overwork, suppose?
First Club Youth—No; he tried to smoke twenty bunches of cigarettes in twenty hours, on a bet.

Under the Great Seal

A NOVEL

By JOSEPH HATTON

Author of "Clytie," "By Order of the Czar," "John Needham's Double," "Cruel London," Etc.

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CHAPTER XIV.

A PRISONER AND IN IRONS.

Alan Keith lay in the hold of Ristack's vessel, dazed, stunned, sore in mind and body. He had fought like a lion, only to be beaten down and fettered as if he were still a brute untamed and dangerous.

The hold was dark, and stifling with the odor of fish. The sounds of life on board the ship came to him dim and faint. The wash and slop of the waves was all that he could hear. He was weak with the loss of blood. His manliness seemed to go out of him in tears. He imagined his wife subjected to insult and injury, and when he did rouse himself it was in a half hysterical fashion. The memory of his days of happiness tortured him. His obstinate clinging to Heart's Delight occurred to him now as a crime. He ought to have been guided by Plympton, whose love for his daughter must have been a keener instinct than his own. Why had he not taken the old man's advice? Why will youth insist upon buying its own bitter experience?

These thoughts came to him in his loneliness, happily for the time being to be followed by something akin to insensibility.

He could not think out any consecutive idea. He seemed to have forgotten everything; as if he were dead. More than once he must have been delirious. He thought he was in purgatory, did not remember what had happened, where he was, who he was; and he would fall a-sobbing like a child.

It was the first time in Alan's strong life that he had been under control; the first time that he had ever been worsted in any undertaking. From his earliest boyhood he had been a leader and a master of men. In every game of physical skill he had led the way at Perth. In his teens he was an able-bodied seaman. There was no nasty bit of navigation on the Scottish coast that he had not conquered. The boldest of sailors, he was the most expert of fishermen. But for that first sight of Hannah standing at her father's door he might, instead of being chained in a floating prison, have been master of his own vessel, with a crack crew in every port. He had in his modest way told Plympton of his position and prospects. For three years his father, a prosperous merchant and shipowner, had been waiting for his return to endow him with all that a man of his character and ambition could desire.

When at last Alan began to recover the balance of his mind he could not guess how long he had been a prisoner. He ran over the events which had preceded his successful arrest. The quiet talk with his wife, his romantic plan of leading the villagers to a peaceful valley and being their saviour; the sudden alarm, his seizure, pinned to the earth before he could strike a blow, his unavailing struggle, the gag that was forced between his teeth, the dragging of him along the shore, the whispered orders to his captors, the arrival at the boats, being flung in and literally trampled upon, hauled up the ship's sides, dashed upon the deck; and the brutal "dam-you-what-do-you-think-of-yourself-now!"—uttered by Ristack; all this presently came back to him. But he remembered no more. Ristack must have struck him as he gave him this brutal welcome. It must have been hours afterwards before he came to his senses. Merciful heavens! were they going to leave him here to starve, to die, to rot? He tried to move. He was pinioned. Both legs and arms were useless. He cried out, but his voice seemed to fail in his throat.

He prayed to God for patience and for help; not for his own sake, but for hers, for the sake of their child and for Plympton. His prayers were not in words so much as in thoughts. Having prayed, he cursed, uttered the deepest and blackest oaths, swore the most deadly vengeance, and mentioned the names of the men whom he hoped to tear limb from limb. Bentz, Ruddock, Ristack! These names he registered in his inmost soul and the name of The Anne of Dartmouth.

But nothing happened. Time went on. The waves washed up against the bulwarks. The sea slopped and washed against the prow. He could tell that it was a calm night. He thought of the stars that were shining on Heart's Delight.

How could there be all this peace when tyranny and murder were afloat? How could heaven look on and see the sacredness of a man's home outraged, husband torn from wife, wife from husband, and for what? He held his breath with horror when he thought of Hannah in the power of the man Ruddock and the fiend Ristack. He had always hated Bentz, though his absence from Heart's Delight for so many months had hushed Alan's resentment into forgetfulness. It had only been by way of what Plympton had considered a necessary warning that he had informed Alan of his encounter with Bentz in regard to his proposal for Hannah. As he thought of this his heart almost ceased beating.

Presently in such voice as he had left he began to talk to himself as if he were someone else: "Patience, man," he said; "ye're weak enough in body to fall, even if ye could pick the locks o' these infernal irons. Dinna beat your life out agen the bars. It's a mercy ye're alive at all. Why, man, if it were nae for thoughts o' Hannah ye'd stand a' this w'out a murmur! I call to mind man's the time ye've torn your flesh after an eagle's nest and been w'out food the day and night and thoct naught about it! Patience, man! Eh, but how long have I lain here? How long! It maun be half a week! O God, gie me strength and patience!"

There was a movement—a footstep—he was sure of it. He held his breath. He listened with his body and soul. His eyes seemed to be staring out of his head; but the darkness was as black as ever.

"Sah mon, I'm a friend," said a voice. "God save you!" said Alan.

"And ye the same," was the reply.

"Who are ye?"

"Donald Nicol syne I can remember," was the answer.

The owner of the voice now stood close to Alan, and was bending over him.

"Are ye badly hurt?"

"I fear it," said Alan.

"Gie me yer hand," said Nicol. "That's right."

Alan found a bottle in his hand.

"Can ye reach yer mouth?"

"No!"

"Wait a wee; ye maun sing sma', man; it's like enough I have been watched. S-s-sh! I dinna ken the trick o' them irons, but we'll investigate them the noo. I'll first assist ye to a drink. Let me get hound o' yer head. That's it. Pull at it; it's meat and drink and life to a man in distress."

Alan required no invitation. If it had been a poisoned dose he would soon have been a dead man.

"Now hold yer soul in patience and I'll come again. Twa o' yer fellow-countrymen hae sworn to get ye out o' this, and I'm one of the twa."

"God bless you!" said Alan.

"But we'll hae muckle little chance for the next hour or twa, and ye maun just lie quiet; that devil o' an admiral, a curse light on him, is gaing ashore after the mid-day watch. Sah! the bo'sun's coming to see ye."

Alan's friend in need crept away, and almost at the same moment the boatswain, with a lantern, attended by a couple of seamen, came down into the hold.

"It's the admiral's order we don't let ye starve; here's a wedge of junk and a biscuit," said the boatswain.

Keith moved as if to take the proffered food.

"Here, Dymoke, loosen his right hand."

One of the two sailors unfasted the irons that gripped the prisoner's hand.

"Here, be smart," said the boatswain.

Alan took the junk and began to gnaw it. The hope that filled his mind encouraged him to eat that he might keep up his strength.

"Have ye naught to say?" asked the boatswain.

"Naught," Alan answered, breaking the biscuit against his irons.

"Surely, eh?"

Alan made no reply.

"Might answer to be civil."

"What do you want me to say?" Alan asked savagely. "What I think?"

"Aye, what you think."

"That you're a base coward to serve such a master as Ristack," said Alan.

"If ye were not a prisoner and in irons I'd answer that, my lad, in a way you'd not forget," said the boatswain.

"We've signed articles and have to obey orders, and if we dinna it's mutiny," said Dymoke, in attendance on the boatswain.

"Aye," said the other sailor.

"Maybe he doesn't know what it is to have to obey orders," said the boatswain.

"I know what it is to have a soul to be saved!" said Alan.

"Don't you think nobody else has a soul?" said the boatswain. "You fought as if you didn't when we brought you aboard; I've got a bruise or two in token thereof."

Alan once more subsided into silence.

"The doctor's sent you a plaster," said Dymoke. "I towed him you'd a pike wound in the head; here, man, let's wash it for ye!"

"I want none of your plaster," said Alan.

"Nay, be advised," said Dymoke, gently; "give me leave, boatswain; it's the doctor's orders."

"Why didn't the doctor come hissen?" asked the boatswain.

"The admiral forbade it," said Dymoke, who by this time was sponging Alan's head with almost a woman's tenderness.

"Curse me," said the boatswain, "if I don't think you favor this rebel Keith and his fellow grabbers o' the king's lands! If you do, have a care, or the admiral will make a triangle of you and flog you till you scream for mercy had as old Trinder, the carpenter, did last fishin' season."

"He winna flog me," said Dymoke quietly, "and if he did he'd get no cry for mercy out o' me!"

"Does he ropes-end his men?" asked Alan, submitting to the plaster and the binding up of his head with a handkerchief, and feeling the stronger for Dymoke's kindly touch.

"Does he?" sneered the boatswain. "Aye, and it generally follows bein' put in irons; so mind your eye, my buck o' Heart's Delight!"

"And let your thief o' a skipper mind his," said Alan.

"Hold 'ard," said the boatswain. "I'll not swear I won't report them words."

"Nay, dinna mind him, bo'sun, he does na mean it; but ye'd better take old Bowers for your model, the least said soonest mended."

Dymoke pressed Alan's arm as he mentioned Bowers, and Alan checked his anger, with a sudden regard to diplomacy.

"That's right," he said, "and I ask the bo'sun's pardon. Do you know old Bowers, bo'sun?"

"No. Who's Bowers?"

"Oh, he's a half saved, worn-out old mariner. Me and Sandy Scot knows him."

There was something in the tone of the man's voice, more particularly when he mentioned Scot, that sounded like a hint of aid and hope. Alan, however, checked the reply he was about to make, giving the man a responsive sign of faith. It was well that he did so, for the boatswain, with an impatient gesture, said: "Here, come on, mate, we're wasting time;" and as the two stood once more outside the stuffy odors of the hold the boatswain remarked:

"Mind what you're about, Dymoke; seems to me you and Sandy Scot's a bit too close. I see you cover him when he slipped down the side into the boat that brought yonder priest out. I can see through a four inch deal as well as most, and though I don't love the captain any

more than you do I'm going to stand by, as in duty bound, whatever happens."

"It's right you should, bo'sun; no offence," said Dymoke, an old Lincolnshire salt who had spent his early boyhood beating about the coast and trading mostly to Boston and Grimsby.

"And ain't it right as you should? What do you mean?"

"I don't mean more'n I say. I knows my duty; but I'm no slave, and I winna side w' tyranny."

"Tyranny!" exclaimed the boatswain.

"My fayther and mother, and a heap o' Boston, sailed for Salem on that account; they couldn't abide no beln' lowed their right freedom; and I s'pose it's in the blood."

"Oh, you're a fool, Dymoke; we're all Englishmen, but we maun uphold discipline!"

"That's so," said Dymoke, wiping his lips with the back of his hand, and trying to moisten his mouth, which was dry with suppressed passion; for he sympathized with Keith, and hated to think of a fellow-creature lying down below, a victim of the malice and tyranny of Ristack, whom he knew to be a boastful brute and a coward.

"The admiral wants you," said the mate, stepping up at the moment and addressing the boatswain, who straightway left the able-bodied Dymoke to his duties and his reflections.

A few minutes later a crew was told off to man the admiral's boat. Neither Donald Nicol nor Sandy Scot were called, but Dymoke was among the crew named for duty ashore. As he passed Nicol there was a knowing exchange of looks that was in sympathy with the sudden hope of the prisoner that he was not to be left entirely to the unrestricted malice of Ristack. Though there was nothing more definite in the fear of Ristack than there was in the hope of Keith, the admiral ordered a double guard over the hold.

The boatswain's whistle sounded shrilly in the summer air. The arrogant shriek of it gave a snap to the freshness of the pleasant breeze. The tall spars fairly shone against the blue sky. The rigging, with its closely reefed sails, made an intricate network aloft. There was something spick-and-span about the whole appearance of the vessel as she rose and fell with a gentle motion upon the deep. She looked more like a king's schooner than a fishing ship. Enough had already been done by American privateers and French and Spanish cruisers to compel the owners and masters of British fishing ships engaged at Newfoundland to give extra equipment to vessels already in the service and to put into it new and well armed ships that might with skill and courage hold their own against the heavy odds that English captains were accustomed to meet. The Anne of Dartmouth was no ordinary craft. The one long and formidable gun referred to in an earlier chapter was by no means her only armament. She carried a very hornet's nest of guns, besides cutlasses, axes, grappling irons, and other appliances for battle and for victory. At first blush it might seem that this was rather overdone in a merchant ship; but the Anne was Ristack's own vessel. He was no mere servant of a merchant company, no master at the beck and call of London or Plymouth traders. He sailed his own ship and had his own yards at Dartmouth, besides holding shares in other fishing enterprises as one of a company of London merchant venturers. He had come out to the fisheries equipped for every emergency. A man of mark indeed was Admiral Ristack, but without any very definite record of bravery or courage. He had risen to prosperity upon other men's shoulders. He was not the man to fight unless he saw his way to an easy victory or was compelled to strike in self-defence; and he had lived through such a long run of luck that he had grown reckless as he was arrogant, presuming upon his good fortune and rejoicing in his animal and sensual passions.

For all that, it must have been a fascinating sight, the preparations to man the boat, the men skipping gaily along the deck to the cheery command of "Away you go!" The crew literally tumbled over the ship's sides and dropped into their places, the brisk little coxswain at the tiller, the bedizened admiral in the bows. The boat leaped through the water, throwing up a fountain of spray, as she made for the shore where the sad hearts of the doomed settlement awaited the destroyers.

"The man Dymoke's a braw chiel," said Donald Nicol to Sandy Scot, as they swung from the yards engaged upon some simple duty.

"That is he," said Sandy; "a dozen such and we might hoist the rebel flag and set up in business w' Alan for our captain and ye Donald for his chief mate."

"Nay, man, I'd be willin' to serve under ye baith; I'm just sick o' this—service, w' a brute beast, while there's better work to be done, and prize money for the winning o' it."

"S-s-sh! it's the bo'sun's shadow as strikes forrard; he's got the ears o' a lynx."

"I thought it was eyes as they was most favored w'," Sandy replied.

"It's a's the same," said Donald; "keep yer own eyes on me; its death or glory the neight, Sandy!"

The boatswain's whistle broke in upon the conversation, and, glancing landwards, the two friends of Alan Keith saw the landing of Ristack and his crew. Half an hour later they were witnesses of the signal for the carpenters, and the despatch of the long boat with a company that looked like British pioneers with axes and hammers, instead of men on an expedition of shameless destruction.

CHAPTER XV.

SIGNALS OF FRIENDSHIP AND DANGER.

Ristack was a proper villain. He hated those whom he injured. From those whom he had received favors he burnt out his obligations with wrong. It is to be hoped this type of man is infrequent. But it exists. It was not necessary in those days to be a Spanish Don to be a wretch, or a French mounseer to be a coward. Perhaps Ristack was some mongrel, who could not be in very truth counted an Englishman.

The opportunity to be a rogue has been known to corrupt honest men. There are creatures who cannot endure success; it makes them tyrants—brutes.

Ristack, in his early days, had fawned and sneaked—had been beaten for his pains with sticks and staves. He had fawned all the

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same—skunked, crept, crawled, made his way, married money, stole money, got money; and when he could strike out in return he had used his power with a hard, brutal strength; had drunk and lied; fought when he must, compromised when he could; had broken down and slain, but with the legal weapons of ill-treatment and harshness, two women who had been fools enough to marry him, each with a little fortune; and here he was at Heart's Delight at the height of his success, a noisy, bustling, brutal thing, full of evil and glorying in his devilry. He had fairly revelled in the destruction of Heart's Delight. His hatred of Plympton was unprovoked, except through a consciousness of Plympton's superiority; but Alan Keith had spurned him openly and dared him to do his worst; that was enough to set fire to his vengeful passions.

If Heart's Delight had been the captured stronghold of an active and bitter enemy he could not have shown greater satisfaction in knocking it to pieces. "The—insolence!" he was heard to exclaim, as he took part with his men in laying low some more than usually pretentious bit of woodwork, "to build themselves houses to laze out their lives on stolen land, to defy the admirals of the king!" and so on, justifying himself to his men and glorying in his ill-gotten power. It was in the nature of the man to carry his villainy to its furthest possible point.

"Go, man," said Ristack, in the midst of the wreck ashore. "Master Lester Bentz, I say, old fellow, go your way to the new settlement; you'll find her there, the lass you love, as you call it; the lass they name Hannah Keith; be her friend, get her aboard the Anne; tell her Alan Keith has sent for her; tell her I'll will to release him; give her this ring; I tore it out of his neck-gear when we had the scuffle aboard. Take it, man; she'll believe in thee with that talisman to back thee. Ah, bringing her aboard!"

Bentz took the ring. His cunning nature was moved at Ristack's suggestion.

"They've rigged her up a tent I hear, as is fit for a queen; go, lad; report; go. Come back and tell us how the land lies."

"They say the woman's sick," Bentz replied.

"Sick! Why, of course, the artful hussy's sick; she's sick for her man—go and console her; that's what the landsman calls it when at sea; go and console her, lad."

Bentz disappeared. He had no part in the active duties of the carpenters and mariners of the first admiral of the fleet.

"I'd half a mind to go myself. But it wouldn't do; them London lords might see personal malversation and self-seeking in it; I can hear that stiff-necked old coon from Bristol saying as much when the case of Heart's Delight comes before the council if I did such a thing; otherwise stuff me with tobacco juice, but I'd lay siege to my fine lady's tent!"

This was the theme upon which Ristack rejoiced to dwell even after the sun had gone down and the Anne had laid aside her usual discipline for high festival.

The strain of active work had been relaxed. Extra allowances of grog had been served. The men who had been ashore had already tasted the sweets of unusual duties in certain irregularities of liquor. Those men who had taken no part in the work were ready for their share of the periodical allowance of additional goes of rum.

Moreover, fishing was to be commenced on the morrow. All the signs were favorable. The cod had been seen to windward chasing the caplin, which for some twenty-four hours had been thickening the waters of the bay.

Heart's Delight was now really the fishing admiral's. The service of the fleet would meet with no obstruction, hardly with competition. Ristack had resolved to occupy Plympton's house ashore. He would live like a fighting cock. Already he had figured in his mind what things he would send ashore. St. John's should contribute the necessary furniture. He would have a rare time.

The spirit of lawlessness had taken possession of the crew.

For the teeth and breath.

TEABERRY.

FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

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slon of the ship. It was a lawless age. Englishmen did not eat Englishmen as a rule but the spirit of destruction spreads. The same spirit of destruction that directs heroic action ill-directed will sacrifice women and children in some so-called patriotic fury. The experiences of the day, followed by undue allowances of rum, had stirred the miscellaneous crew of the Anne of Dartmouth already into quarrels and disputes; occasion offering, it would have led them into any excess of right or wrong. They drank, and sang, and quarreled. Sandy Scot and Donald Nicol, who were intensely sober, took on the appearance of conviviality with the rest, and went on playing their desperate game with the able-bodied Dymoke. It was part of their plan that Scot should quarrel with Dymoke, and there was strength in the pretended knock-down blow that Dymoke gave Scot as a conclusion to a careful harangue which Scot delivered against the destruction of Heart's Delight. It was with considerable satisfaction that Scot at once found two of the least drunk of the crew by his side, men who, while they did their duty, did not hold with Ristack's view of his. Half an hour later these two men had been won over to the side of Scot and Donald Nicol; and the conspirators were alive with a well disguised watchfulness, while they seemed not the least reckless of the drunken crew.

"And that's all you got for your pains," said Ristack, addressing Bentz, whom the admiral was entertaining with his colleague and friend Ruddock. They had dined right heartily, had drunk each a bottle of such Madeira as is, alas no longer common afloat or ashore. Ristack had unlinked his belt, had laid his knife and

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pistols on a grim old chest that was packed with arms, and ordered rum.

"She was sick unto death, they said," Bentz replied.

"Who said?"

"The priest."

"The priest be—; what say you, Ruddock?"

"The same," said Ruddock. "I'd have listened to no priest."

"What the— have priests to do here, is what I say," Ristack replied, pouring out a hornful of rum, a great jorum of which his boy had placed upon the table.

"Did you see the wench's tent?"

"No," said Bentz. "They would not let me enter the precincts of the new settlement."

"Wouldn't let you? Ah, ah, by all the fish in the sea but they shall. Wouldn't let you? Who wouldn't?"

"Master Plympton and his Irishman. They were sentinels at the Bay end of the valley."

"Sentinels! A murrain on them! I'll be her sentinel to-morrow night. What a poor creature you must be!" Ristack went on drinking again, while Ruddock broke up a plug of tobacco and stuffed it into his thin jaw, which looked like an ape's with an abnormally large nose in process of cracking.

"I am not a fighting man as you know," said Bentz.

"I am," said Ruddock; "first come, first served. The admiral with his usual fair does says Bentz has the first claim on the belle of Heart's Delight; and so we allow you to take the precedence as the first takes precedence of the vice and the vice of the rear-admiral; but it's my turn now; and I'll bet you a guinea to a shilling they don't put me off with their sentinels."

"Give us your hand," said Ristack, grasping Ruddock's red fist; "that's my spirit. Old as I am I'd back myself to distance you both in a downright genuine love affair where pluck counts for beauty. Ha! ah! I never was a beauty; but I've been a buck; and as for women, why who cares about such paying out and such muffled ears to get at 'em! Why, in Guinea you can buy them by the dozen for a bacco box or an old knife—aye, Venuses compared with your pink and white innards. Sick is she? So far as I'm concerned she may be sick and dead, too, the sighing, lackadaisical penitence. I don't care!"

"Well, I do care," said Ruddock, "and I'll have her on board to-morrow night, considering as Bentz resigns."

"Nay, I did not say so," Bentz replied.

"Drink, Bentz, drink," said Ristack, passing the jug of rum that was as brown as mahogany and strong as Jamaica Madeira.

"Well, gentlemen, the game's in your own hands; humble me that stuck-up, saucy, insolent Keith and his fine-tongued father-in-law, and you may settle the rest between you. Fight it out, and the devil take the hindmost. Bring her on board, I say, to see her man; nothing easier. Bentz has the loadstone that'll bring her. I thought of its usefulness when I took it from the blamed thief; bring her to see her man; nothing easier. When I was a lad in Dartmouth I knew how to wheedle the girls, and they were worth it. Yes, by the lord, they were—none of your cheap settlers, but the pick of the land, I tell you. Here's to 'em as I knew 'em, and to the devil with all cowards!"

Ruddock drank glass for glass with Ristack, and Bentz took his share. They were a sinister-looking company. Ruddock still wore his fanciful barbaric dress, with a thick gold chain round his neck, his strong vulpine mouth in grim contrast with the coarse, loose, flabby lips of Ristack and the puritanical shiftiness of Bentz.

The porthole of the cabin was open. The night had grown very dark. The column of light from the captain's cabin must have penetrated the darkness like a long hot finger. The cabin was lighted with a powerful oil lamp that swung from the low ceiling. It left dark corners in the apartment, but played fitfully upon sundry weapons that hung upon the walls. The brown jug upon the table with a silver carafe of water that was only used now and then by Bentz or Ruddock, and the heavy horns out of which the men were drinking, made a fine picture of still life, flanked as the jug was with a great leaden tobacco box, and a broad knife in its leather sheath that Ruddock had taken from his belt for ease and comfort.

They had been sitting some time over their liquor. The effect of it was different in all three. Bentz grew more cunning with every glass. Ruddock developed a jealousy of his colleague and patron. Ristack became brutally coarse and criminally vicious in his cups. His small piggy eyes emitted malignant flashes as he plotted against his victims. His face was red with robustness and ill-conditioned inflammation.

"Curse me, but I'd like to see the Plympton lass aboard," he said; "and a murrain on her Scotch villain! Husband or no husband, I'll swing him from the yard arm yet. Did you note the swine's sneer—this Plympton, this father of the settlement? Ah! ah! We've made a settlement of it! They won't know it to-morrow if they see it!"

"I conclude, Admiral Ristack, it cannot be questioned that you, with full authority and according to law, had the right to destroy the place," said Ruddock.

"Right! Ruddock, what's the matter? Do you forget who made you?"

"I suppose God made me same as he made others," said Ruddock.

"I made you, Ristack—I, Tobias Zachary Ristack. I made you! Is that so or is it not so? Speak, man!"

"Dear friend," said Ruddock, filling his glass, "I thought you were asking me a question out of the catechism!"

"I was, I tell you—a question out of my catechism. Answer me that—Who made you?"

"Tobias Zachary Ristack, admiral of the fishing fleet, of Heart's Delight," said Ruddock.

"When you are asked that question again answer it, d'ye hear?"

"And who's the best friend and ally you ever had, the best second in command?" asked Ruddock, emboldened by his tenth glass of spirits.

"Ruddock the ready!" the admiral replied, "Ruddock the judicious and the sly! Ah, ah, you know you are, Ruddock; sly as the devil. But curse me, I like you, Ruddock, and you

shall advance next to me—next, mark you. Next!"

"I look for no higher honor," said Ruddock. "Mind you don't," said Ristack. "What do you say, Master Bentz, eh? And which of you's to have the gal, the belle of Heart's Delight, eh? Which? Will you fight for her? Will you fight this Scotch devil, Master Bentz?"

"Thank you, Admiral Ristack, I am not a fighting man, as you know, though I admire valor."

"But you'd fight for this siren, this Venus, this Cleopatra, eh?"

"I'd do almost anything to win her," said Bentz.

"Go on; drink, man," said Ristack, pouring out a glassful of liquor and pushing it before him, "to win her, man. What does it matter whether you win her or not! By Satan and all the imps, how I do hate the whole of that Plympton and Keith crew!"

He tightened his belt and hair drew his knife as he uttered the exclamation, adding, as he leaned forward towards Bentz, "Did you ever kill a man, Master Bentz?"

"No, thank God!" said Bentz.

"You'd rather persecute and worry them to death," said Ruddock; "it's safer."

"Have you?" said Ristack, addressing Ruddock.

"I don't want to brag," said Ruddock. "I have served as a volunteer on a king's ship, and seen service."

"Seen service! Curse me, but I could spin you a yarn that would make your flesh creep; we were boarded by a pirate off the Azores! Bentz, pass the rum, you drink like a fish and sit and guzzle as silently. Look here, my hearties, have any of you seen that cursed high and mighty Scot Keith since we've had him aboard? No. A plague on every mother's son of us but we'll have the Keith up and make him drink to the Fishing Admirals of Heart's Delight."

He rose as he spoke, loosened his belt, unsheathed his knife, laid it upon the table, and called the mate.

"Fetch the man Keith; I would have a word with him."

"Aye, sir," said the mate.

"Keep the irons on him."

"Aye, sir."

"Tell him I want to—oh, tell him what the devil you please."

"Aye, sir," said the mate.

"Make no trouble; bring him quiet—no disturbance."

"Right, sir," said the mate as he left the cabin.

Keith was only too willing to obey the admiral's orders. Anything was preferable to the dark, damp hole in which he was languishing. Moreover, his mind was troubled with hopes and fears. Nicol in some unaccountable way had succeeded in visiting him not more than an hour previously. His faithful fellow-countryman had informed him that he had been able to send a message to John Freedie, one of Keith's best friends, intimating that if a boat, not to say a bark, could be handy thereabouts it might be within the range of possibility that the Anne would have a passenger for her, perhaps more; and the signal was agreed also. Nicol had wandered on in a whisper, uttering various hints and warnings; and had disappeared before Keith could rightly understand all that he wanted to convey to him. The night was favorable, and the men would all be drunk—except him and Sandy Scot. When, therefore, Keith was sent for to the captain's cabin, he obeyed as quickly as his chains would permit, and thought that he might be advancing the schemes of his friends, whatever they might be.

But it was very far from being any part of Donald Nicol's arrangements that Alan should be hauled up before Admiral Ristack.

(To be Continued.)

Harry and Maude and I—also James.

We both loved Maude deeply, and Maude loved us. We know that, because Maude told us so. She told Harry so one Sunday evening on the way home from church, and she told me so the following Saturday afternoon on the way to the matinee.

This was the cause of the dispute Harry and I had in the club corner that Saturday night. Harry and I are confidants, and neither of us has secrets that the other does not share, and so, of course, Maude's feeling toward each of us was fully revealed.

We did not quarrel over it, for Harry and I never quarrel. I wanted to quarrel, but it is a peculiar thing about me that I always want to quarrel with men named Harry, but never can quite do it. Harry is a name which, *per se*, arouses my ire, but which carries with it also the soothing qualities which dispel irritation.

This is a point for the philosopher, I think. Why is it that we cannot quarrel with some men bearing certain names, while with far better men bearing other names we are always at swords' points? Who ever quarreled with a man who had so endeared himself to the world, for instance, that the world spoke of him as Jack, or Bob, or Willie? And who has not quarreled with Georges and Ebenezers and Horaces *ad lib.*, and been glad to have had the chance?

But this is a thing apart. This time we have set out to tell that other story which is always mentioned but never told.

Maude loved us. That was the point upon which Harry and I agreed. We had her authority for it; but where we differed was, which of the two does she love the better?

Harry, of course, took his own side in the matter. He is a man of prejudice and argues from sentiment rather than from conviction.

He said that on her way home from church a girl's thoughts are of necessity solemn, and her utterances are therefore the solemn truth. He added that, in a matter of such importance as love, the conclusion reached after an hour or two of spiritual reflection and instruction, such as church in the evening inspires, is the true conclusion.

On the other hand, I maintained that human nature has something to do with women. Very little, of course, but still enough to make my point a good one. It is human nature for a girl to prefer matinees to Sunday evening services. This is sad, no doubt, but so are some

other great truths. Maude, as a true type of girlhood, would naturally think more of the man who was taking her to a matinee than of the fellow who was escorting her home from church, therefore she loved me better than she did Harry, and he ought to have the sense to see it and withdraw.

Unfortunately Harry is near-sighted in respect to arguments evolved by the mind of another, though in the perception of refinements in his own reasoning he has the eye of the eagle. "Love on the way to a matinee," he said, "is one part affection and nine parts enthusiasm."

"And love on the return from church is in all ten parts temporary aberration," I returned.

"It is what you might call Seventh Day affection. Quiet, and no doubt sincere, but it is dissipated by the rising of the Monday sun. It is like our good resolutions on New Year's day, which barely last over a fortnight. Some little word spoken by the rector may have aroused in her breast a spark of love for you, but one spark does not make a conflagration. Properly fanned it may develop into one, but in itself it is nothing more than a spark. Who can say that it was not pity that led Maude to speak so to you? Your necktie may have been disarranged without your knowing it, and at a time when she could not tell you of it. That sort of thing inspires pity, and you know as well as I do that pity and love are cousins, but cousins who never marry. You are favored, but not to the extent that I am."

"You argue well," returned Harry, "but you ignore the moon. In the solemn presence of the great orb of night no woman would swear falsely."

"You prick your argument with your point," I answered. "There were no extraneous arguments brought to bear on Maude when she confessed to me that she loved me. It was done in the cold light of day. There was no moon around to egg her on when she confessed her affection for me. I know the moon pretty well myself, and I know just what effect it has on truth. I have told falsehoods in the moonlight that I knew were falsehoods, and yet while Luna was looking on, no creature in the universe could have convinced me of their untruthfulness. The moon's rays have kissed the Blarney stone, Harry. A moonlight truth is a noontide lie."

"Doesn't the genial warmth of the sun ever lead one from the path of truth?" queried Harry, satirical of manner.

"Yes," I answered. "But not in a horse car with people treading on your feet."

"What has that to do with it?" Harry asked.

"It was on a Broadway car that Maude confessed," I answered.

Harry looked blue. His eyes said: "Gad! How she must love you!" But his lips said: "Ho! Nonsense!"

"It is the truth," said I, seeing that Harry was weakening. "As we were waiting for the car to come along I said to her: 'Maude, I am not the man I ought to be, but I have one redeeming quality. I love you to distraction.'"

She was about to reply when the car came. We were requested to step lively. We did so and the car started.

"Absurd!" ejaculated Harry.

"It was a little absurd," said I, referring to the starting of the car, for the horses did not look as if they had strength to pull the wool over the eyes of a sheep, much less drag a car along. "Then as we stood in the crowded aisle of the car we spoke in enigmas."

"Did you hear what I said, Maude?" I asked.

"Yes," said she, gazing softly out of the window, and a slight touch of red coming into her cheeks. "Yes, I heard."

"And what is your reply?" I whispered.

"So do I," she answered with a sigh.

Harry laughed, and so irritatingly that had his name been Thomas I should have struck him.

"What is the joke?" I asked.

"You won't think it's funny," Harry answered.

"Then it must be a poor joke," I retorted, a little nettled.

"Well, it's on you," he said. "You have simply shown me that Maude never told you she loved you. That's the joke."

I was speechless with wrath, but my eyes spoke. "How have I shown that?" they asked in my behalf.

"You say that you told Maude that you loved her to distraction. To which declaration she replied, 'So do I.' Where there is in that any avowal that she loves you I fail to see. She simply stated that she too loved herself to distraction, and I breathe again."

"Hair-splitting!" said I wrathfully.

"No—side-splitting!" returned Harry, with a roar of laughter. "Now my declaration was very different from yours. It was made when Maude and I were walking home from church. It was about nine o'clock, and the streets were bathed in mellow moonlight. I declared myself because I could not help myself. I had no intention of doing so when I started out earlier in the evening, but the uplifting effect of the service of song at church, combined with the most romantic kind of a moon, forced me into it. I told her I was a struggler; that I was not yet able to support a wife; and that while I did not wish to ask any pledge from her, I could not resist telling her that I loved her with all my heart and soul."

I began to feel blue. "And what did she say?" I asked, a little hoarsely.

"She said she returned my affection."

I braced up. "Ha, ha, ha!" I laughed.

"This time the joke is on you."

"I fail to see it," he said.

"Of course," I retorted. "It is not one of your jokes. But say, Harry, when you send a poem to a magazine and the editor doesn't want it, what does he do with it?"

"Returns it, ah!"

The "ah" was a gasp.

"You are the hair-splitter this time," said he ruefully.

"I am," said I. "I could effectually destroy a whole wig of hairs like that. If you are right in your reasoning as to Maude's love for me, I am right as regards her love for you. We are both splitting hairs in most unprofitable fashion."

"We are," said Harry, with a sigh. "There is only one way to settle the matter."

"And that?"

"Let's call around there now and ask for

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AYER'S Sarsaparilla at all seasons. In the *Spring*, it removes that tired feeling, cleanses and vitalizes the circulation, and prepares one to successfully contend with the debilitating effects of the heated term. In the *Summer*, it quickens the appetite, regulates the liver, and makes the weak strong. In the *Autumn*, it tones up the nerves and protects the system from malarial influences. In the *Winter*, it enriches the blood, and invigorates every organ and tissue of the body.

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her."

"I am agreeable," said I.

"Often," said Harry, ringing for our coats.

In a few moments we were ready to depart; and as we stepped out into the night, whom should we run up against but that detestable Jimmie Brown!

"Whither away, boys?" he asked, in his usual bubbly manner.

"We are going to make a call."

"An? Well, wait a minute, won't you? I have some news. I'm in great luck, and I want you fellows to join me in a health to the future Mrs. B."

"Engaged at last, eh, Brown?" said Harry.

I did not speak, for I felt a sudden and most depressing sinking of the heart.

"Yes," said Brown; and then he told us to whom.

It is not necessary to mention the lady's name. Suffice it to say that Harry and I both returned to our corner in the club, discarded our overcoats, and talked about two subjects. The first was the weather.

The second, the fickleness of women.

Incidentally we agreed that there was something irritating about certain names, and on this occasion James excited our ire somewhat more than was normal.

But we did not lick James. We had too much lingering regard for someone else to split a hair of his head.—John Kendrick Bangs in *Harper's Weekly*.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

FEED—Your enclosure received. Kindly read rules.

BROWN—This is rather a crude study, showing a constant and bright character, but not sufficiently formed for delineation.

JAWAL—I think you and Bijou must be near neighbors. You are neither of you fully developed, and a delineation would not please you. Josephine means well loved.

JUAN R.—Your writing is very pleasing and has many good traits. You are sympathetic, amiable, careful and of excellent judgment, love pretty things, like to look on the bright side of life, are hopeful, but not vivacious, of good constancy and a very reliable friend.

MRS. HAMLOCK—I don't know whether you will ever be married or whether you are dark or fair, pretty or ugly. You are rather wanting in good sense to ask such questions. Your writing is very plain and with practice and style can be made an excellent hand. At present it is not sufficiently consistent to give a delineation.

PATRICK—All the studies for the month you mention as the date of your friend's study were delineated long ago. If 288 was received by me, it was also done. If you have not found it, it is because I have never received it. I should fancy the traits shown by your writing would please you; it is a very stirring hand.

ROSE—1. Your writing is rather unformed, but I will do the best I can for you. 2. You are good-tempered and rather persistent. When you do anything, you make your work as complete and conscientious as you can. I think you have some prejudices and opinions which more knowledge would modify. You are of good ability, determination and a very truthful.

AMBER—1. I don't know if that is actually your signature, but that is what it looks like. 2. Your very pleasant writing shows impulse, and at the same time self-control. You are a little idealistic, very sweet in disposition, charmingly discreet, capable of sacrifice, easy in manner, orderly and careful in all things. I am afraid you are not original, and have my doubts whether your study fulfils my rules.

JANISCA—This writing shows refinement and dainty tastes, with strong and tenacious opinions; the writer is decidedly "set in her way," as the old folks say, but her way is the path of pleasure. She has imagination, discretion, marked social instincts, great love of the beautiful, and an original and interesting individuality; rather an impatient and impulsive will and kind and sweet temper.

AMBER—Cleverness has nothing to do with good writing, but certainly several traits usually possessed by clever people are rather out of the lines of pretty penmanship. You are original, sharp in speech, very tenacious in opinions, fond of social intercourse but not vivacious. You lack the gracious quality of tact, and are not markedly affectionate, but you have brains, mettle and energy and are a character to be respected.

NALAJA—I think you will not suffer much under the hands of a graphologist. Your writing shows some imagination and a decidedly live and energetic character. It is the writing of a worker and one whose work is largely unselfish. Your temper is good and your manner probably quiet and observant, although not in the least ponderous. You are fond of a sly joke, of rather an optimistic temperament, a person who could be trusted, and whose sympathy and patience would stand a strain. You are a little fond of variety.

HANCOCK—You blessed little girl, I am much obliged for your kind thought of me. I am glad you like the verses, and if you are like that little woman I am glad you like me. No, I don't think you are a bit conceited. Always think well of yourself and see that you earn your own good opinion. I hope you will keep right on saying prayers for me. It is bound to do me good and I can assure you I sometimes need them! I wish you, with all my heart, a very happy New Year, and I hope you will write to me again. Such a nice little letter yours was! B.

VALSTY—Your very ingratiating way of putting things,

nearly made me break my rule of answering you in your turn. I don't fear but you will be an ornament to your chosen profession if tact and influence over others count for anything. You are very human, very fond of humanity, closely perceptive and of excellent sequence of ideas and perseverance, cautious and receptive, the very person for a confidant. You are rather bright, somewhat humorous, and there is not an atom of coarseness in your nature rather a disposition the other way, and a generous judgment combined with care and some love of art and beautiful things in general.

SIR LANCELOT.—1. How could you, who tell me you are a lawyer, write such an utterly illogical letter? I don't believe you, but there! I know a good many lawyers just as bad. Now, my friend, you are away off on the free-thinking question, but anyone who scatters round criticisms as you do about things he doesn't understand will often make mistakes. As to my wishing you had employed a typewriter instead of your pen, I don't suppose you stopped to admire the absurdity of your remark from a graphological point of view. 2. Your writing deserves better than you say of it. You are very happy and adaptable in your disposition; quite ready, if you can't buy butter, to make the best of dry bread. You are nevertheless sufficiently awake to your own interests; a socially inclined, thick-headed sort of person, insensible of keen and quick perception, but honest and blunt. Your affections are strong, perseverance and determination good, discretion only fair and love of your own way very perceptible. You have a large opinion of yourself, and should be a success in at least one branch of your profession. Guess which?

Bless Her!

"Shall you wear your ulster to-night, Charley?"

"Yes, darling."

"The one with the very high collar?"

"Yes, darling."

"But you won't turn up the collar clear to your hat band, will you?"

"Why not?"

"Oh, it makes me feel so lonesome out here."

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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The Drama.

MCFEE of Dublin is being played at Jacobs & Sparrow's for the first time in Toronto by John T. Kelly, backed up by what is by long odds the strongest company that has held the boards at the Toronto Opera House this season. The plot is extremely simple. Lord McFee, who is engaged to Miss Wagner, is obliged to lie low on account of a duel, so Roger O'Mara, his valet, masquerades as his lordship and engages himself to Molly, the maid, who, taking advantage of Miss Wagner's absence, personates her mistress. Lord McFee returns unexpectedly and being told by his valet that he is about to marry Miss Wagner, believes the latter false to him and returns her letters. In the end, of course, everything is made clear. The piece is full of amusing incidents and the interest of the audience is excited and held by bright, witty dialogue, funny situations, filled in with songs and dances. J. T. Kelly is an exceedingly clever comedian who holds the audience without effort with his natural and funny style. His best acting is done in the second act. H. Kelly and C. J. Williams sustained their parts well throughout the whole play, which means a good deal when the amount of physical exertion the former's part calls for is taken into consideration. I was rather disappointed with Florrie West at the beginning; her first song was not up to form and certainly did not prepare any of the audience for the very good display she made before the curtain finally fell. She is one of the best variety actresses who have visited Toronto, and well deserved the applause she called forth. Adelaide Randall's character was rather bewildering and I cannot make up my mind whether she loved Lord McFee, his title or his whiskers; her acting was good but her singing was uneven and her articulation poor. The singing, dancing and cleverly executed gyrations of Nellie Page and her companions were great features in the piece and added largely to its attractiveness.

Adelaide Randall, who takes the part of Adelaide Wagner, declares that the whiskers of Lord McFee have a great deal of influence in determining the course of her affections. Is this a new phase of an actress's character, and does it account for the large number of gentlemen with hirsute appendages who frequent the front seats and boxes of our theaters?

At the end of last week it was found that The Private Secretary had made such a good run at the Academy that Manager Reche felt warranted in engaging the company for another week. The house, therefore, was not dark, but very much alight this week. Mrs. Dion Boucicault's company in Husband and Wife will be at the Academy next week.

The circus part of The Country Circus is all right, but the play that leads up to it and fills in time until after nine o'clock each evening is the weakest and most poorly acted piece I have seen at the Grand this year. Of course the play is intended to hold the boards for an hour, as the circus and the procession do not occupy enough time to constitute an evening's entertainment. This being the case and the circus performers not being melo-dramatic actors, some very commonplace people have been engaged to fill the roles in the unimportant plot. Whoever composed the piece has not augmented his fame thereby and those who present it do not help it out any. Some of the jokes and allusions are too broad, coarse-grained and heavy for this city, and, thrust upon one's attention without the least art, produce a disagreeable effect. Another thing, to which at least one of the daily papers called attention, is the trapeze performance given by a little girl aged seven. It should not be allowed, yet when the child had done its little act one could scarcely refrain from applauding, so gratified did she seem at signs of approval. The applause given to gratify the child, however, is the very thing which will keep her on the stage to the profit of her parents. Then she was sent around peddling pictures, and altogether the premature contact she is forced to have with the world will rub all the beautiful gloss of infancy from her. It is objectionable and affords no gratification to thinking people.

The Circus and the great procession that precedes it are really good and worth witnessing. The costuming is fine and the way the same score of people make lightning transformations and reappear marching along in endless procession, is better than anything of the sort seen for a long time. The young fellow who plays drum-major at the head of the turn-out gives an exhibition of stick work that cannot easily be beaten. The tumbling ladies and the acrobatic men were clever much beyond the average.

A really artistic song service will be given in Carlton street Methodist church on Thursday evening next under the direction of Mr. D. E. Cameron. Mr. George Fox, Canada's favorite violinist, will play Wieniawski's Legend and Brahms' Hungarian Dances; Mr. Owen A. Smiley will read two selections, Mr. J. D. A.

Tripp, the popular piano virtuoso, will play Chopin's Scherzo in B flat minor, preceded by a brief biographical sketch of the composer and a description of the Scherzo; Mrs. Ethel Herbert will sing a solo and a duet with Mr. Sims Richards; Miss Hortense Jones will sing Gounod's Ave Maria, with violin obligato by Mr. Fox, the piano part being played by Mr. W. H. Hewlett; truly a programme of great variety and excellence.

Mr. Owen A. Smiley, who has returned from a short tour east, will fill some town engagements next week, reciting at Bond street Congregational church and at the Carlton street service of song, afterwards leaving again with Miss Pauline Johnson for Picton and other towns.

The day and evening classes at the Meisterschaft School of Languages, 20 Queen street west, have resumed their work. The principal, Monsieur J. Cusin, has arranged special afternoon classes in French and German for ladies wishing to attend the school during the day. Any wishing to join these classes should do so at once. There are still a few vacancies in the Latin classes for junior and senior matriculation under the able tuition of an honor graduate and gold medalist of Toronto University.

If you want to go to the theater to be wrought up and to have your nerves set on end by harrowing and tear-producing situations, you are cautioned to avoid A Breezy Time, which will be presented at Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House for one week, commencing Monday, January 16. It is announced by the management that it contains absolutely no moral lesson, social satire, or story. It was not put together for the purpose of elevating the drama, and it was not intended to cause dramatic critics to get out their best-set ethics and rules of construction. This is candid on the part of the management. The purpose of the piece is to amuse by means of a series of clever specialty performances devoid of suggestion and executed by people of ability. In the play there are lots of pretty girls, catchy music, unctuous comedians and graceful dancers.

Grenville P. Kleiser is going into something new, it being a series of high-class entertainments extending from February to May, and taking place in the Pavilion. The series will be known as Kleiser's Star Course, and tickets will be procurable at a nominal figure for the whole season. The first will occur on February 16, when Rev. Robert Nourse of Washington, D. C., will appear in his dramatic characterizations from Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Mr. Kleiser is also in communication with James Whitcomb Riley, George Keenan, Frank Lincoln, Prof. George W. Bligh, Gen. Lew Wallace, Marshall P. Wilder, Mrs. Alice Shaw and others. If he succeeds in getting such people here, it will indeed prove a Star Course, and in bringing Rev. Robert Nourse he certainly starts out well.

George Grossmith will be at the Grand Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week. A picture of this original genius is given on our first page, also some information about his art.

The Wretch and the Ragamuffin.

A Sketch of a Character and a Story of the Streets on a Winter's Night.

BY MACK.

JIM BROWN was no saint. With a very hazy conception of what a saint in this world really is, I can at least venture that much about Jim Brown. He was neither good nor bad, pronouncedly. He was one of those fellows who shun the church and the jail with equal earnestness. Suppose you carelessly left your overcoat where he could get at it, he would neither fill your pockets with religious tracts nor pilfer your gloves and handkerchief. But if he knew you pretty well he might hide your coat under a sofa and then go with you to advertise the lost garment or to notify the police that it had been stolen; or if he saw a kitten handy, he might put it in your pocket just to see you jump when your hand touched its warm fur. If he knew you were going to temperance lodge he might put a whiskey flask in your pocket and trust to luck that it would fall out on the floor while you were growing eloquent on the curse of alcohol. That was Jim. But, wait; one thing more, and then you will know him as intimately as I. It would be an empty flask which he would hide in your pocket, for Jim was the last man in the world to send good liquor bottled up and defenceless into the midst of a society sworn to destroy it. He could not nerve his soul to such an act of turpitude. Jim may have been no saint; he may have been shiftless and worthless, but he was too loyal and too thirsty for that. To specify his social and religious location, I may say that in knocking about for ten years he had formed a speaking acquaintanceship with more murderers than ministers. Yet no minister could feel a greater horror than he for the shedder of blood.

Jim was a Useless Wretch. There are ladies and gentlemen, men and women and useless wretches, and Jim came under the latter classification, along with hundreds and thousands of others throughout the city. There is no scarcity of them. They come up from everywhere, boys and girls, both—they grow in the city and they come in from the country. Some are born that way and some are made. If a laboring man loses his situation and cannot find another, he gradually changes into a Useless Wretch. If a girl forgets the love of God and the malice of her sex, she becomes a Useless Wretch. Out from every gate through which men and women pass, down from every level and landing stage of life, they come in droves, and you and I and all excellent people wonder what under the sun they were made for by the all-wise Creator. We are not so profane as to say their creation was a blunder, but piously submit that the knowledge is indeed infinite that can perceive their usefulness on earth. In the meantime, quite content with such light as we have on the subject, we detest, condemn or pity Useless Wretches, whether they are born, self-made or crushed by circumstances into what they are.

As for Jim, he was born a lounge, and being of a fatalistic turn of mind just let himself drift. "God made me the way He wanted me," he said, "and I ain't going to monkey around the job as though it didn't suit me. I wouldn't dare to do it." Whether that was his whole reason or no, at least he adhered to his hereditary repugnance for work and love for liquor, combating with good-humored but slovenly philosophy the persuasions of those who sought to stir him to better efforts. He remained a shiftless, drunken, shabby fellow, very amiable and popular, beyond the limits of his ordinary associates. He had intimate bar-room acquaintances with whom he never exchanged a glance in any public place—he knew his level, was content with it and appreciated the feelings of those more exalted. Whenever he had a dollar he spent it like a prince and when he had not he fell gracefully into the retinue of other princes as they came and went. At his favorite end of his favorite bar, his elbows had worn the paint away—and the paint had worn his elbows out.

At house painting he had no superior but he never owned a brush of his own and always threw up his job on the first pay day that came along. His mother always sent him a ten dollar bill at Christmas so that he could go home on a visit, and that sum always kept him joyously drunk during the holidays. But stay; to reassure mothers whom this might alarm, I will explain that Jim always drank his mother's health during his holiday spree.

On this particular Christmas, Jim's mother seemed to be acting in a very unmotherly manner. It was Christmas day and his anxiety had not arrived. He felt shocked, wounded and offended at the remembrance of one whose affection he had always heretofore considered real. To be forgotten by her made him feel lonesome, and a wave of self-pity surged up in his heart as he thought how alone and forgotten he was in the happy world.

"Everybody's selfish," said Jim, sitting on the edge of his bed with a sock in his hand. "Even mothers get careless. Who'd 'a' thought my mother would act so unnatural at Christmas, after the way I used to let her kiss me, and write to me, and send me pieces of cake, and neckties, and other things that weren't a darn bit of use to me?" And he yanked on his two socks savagely. "I'm nobody—there's lots of others for her to be happy with. But blamed if I thought that of mother—no, blamed if I did!"

With which remark, showing how he, like a good son, had entertained a high estimate of his mother until that moment, Jim finished his toilet and started down town. Mothers should cogitate upon this, and see that they do not reward the affection of absent sons with neglect. Jim had a special grievance, for he had come to figure confidently upon a remittance at Christmas, and so sure was he of receiving it that he had gone on a spree a week before and spent every cent in his possession. And here the holidays were upon him, the period for his great annual round-up of all the saloons in town, the Tom and Jerry epoch of the year—and he, penniless!

He spent a bad day of it. Luck didn't come his way, and although he fell in for a few drinks, yet evening found him much more sober and out of sorts than was his wont.

As he reached his room at dusk, he was shivering and snow-covered, for the day was cold and blustery. Yet a moment later he felt it not, for on the table lay a letter to him, addressed in a familiar hand. He tore it open and found the ten dollar bill for which he had been longing, and a few words of pleading for a visit to his home. Jim sat down with a serious look on his face, and one would have said that the voice of love had penetrated through the aloof of the Useless Wretch and he was awakening to better things.

"By golly, it's awkward," he presently exclaimed, with knit brows. "It's strange that a good woman like my mother should force a fellow into telling lies like this. It won't do to send her word that I'm sick. I tried that last year and hanged if she didn't write to a Methodist preacher whom she knew in town and got him to hunt me up. I'd a deuce of a time dodging Mr. Prayerful, or whatever his name was. It won't do to tell her that the Sunday school is having another Christmas tree and I'm drilling the chorus. Since that preacher chased me I'm a little skeery on that dodge. Oh, well, I'll have to tell her that Christmas is an awful busy time in Toronto, but I'll take a run home as soon as I can."

This ticklish point settled, Brown arose and went off whistling. He started out calmly intent, without a twinge of conscience, to get drunk. In his mind he did not gloss his purpose over by telling himself that he was going out to spend a jolly evening, but he set out like a mechanic at piecework, to get drunk as speedily and securely as possible. The kind of drunk he wanted was something of the self-feeder description that would run on from day to day without becoming extinguished while he slept—something which on awaking he could poke up and replenish with a few glasses and at once feel the fine, fervid glow of the evening before.

Jim visited a couple of saloons and spent a dollar, mostly upon himself, for he had not yet found those congenial souls for whom he sought. He was already mellow and good-humored; later on he would become maudlin and sarcastic on the questions of religion and politics. The creeds and the constitutions never know what they suffer at the hands of such as Jim. He flays them, pulls them into shreds, puts his fist through them and his foot through them; he proves by history and science, by Josephus and Huxley, by Plutarch and Ingersoll that politics and religion are now and always were impostures. And if anyone takes opposite grounds Jim will call upon some old toper (who couldn't sign his

own name to a plea for charity) and ask him if he is not right in his historical and scientific statements. Emphatically corroborated in this high quarter, Jim's disputatious opponent is floored, and religion and politics are discredited in that presence.

Mellow and satisfied, Brown proceeded along the street with the snow and wind blowing in his teeth, when he tripped and almost fell over the feet of a boy in a doorway. He was a hard-looking seed, the Ragamuffin; torn, ragged, almost frozen, and crying, so that his face had the same look of scraggy ruin borne by the generality of his person. The dirt on his face, loosened by tears and cracked by the contortions of grief, seemed as if about to fall off in scales. His sobbing was real—so were the dirt and rage and cold, for that matter, but there have been boys in this town who made crying a profession.

"Here, you little duffer," said Jim. "What's the matter with you?"

The Ragamuffin just pulled his legs in out of the way, hugged himself and cried neither louder nor lower than before.

"Here, here, what are you bawling about? Has anyone been kicking you, or are you crying because you didn't get what you wanted in your stocking last night?" Jim realized that that was a weak guess at the boy's grief, as the lad did not seem to have any stockings, and it is the one hateful streak in the character of the good St. Nicholas that he never goes near boys too poor to have stockings. After some persuasion the Ragamuffin told his story; how he had always lived at a certain house, though the people were not related to him, but that night when he went home and gave them the money he had made selling papers they put him out; they told him never to come back, and he never would go back, neither. "And," he concluded, "I'd just like to freeze to death only it's so cold."

"See here," said Jim, "you come with me—you come with me! Not another word. I'll show you something to live for."

"Where to?" said the boy, with visions of the police cells before him.

"Never you mind. We'll trot a heat together to-night. But say, were you ever drunk—oh, I don't mean a mouthful, but a regular old roarer, a Christmas-timer that stays with you for a week? Well, I'll wind you up—I'm a charitable society out on a jag myself. Golly, I like this," chuckled Jim. "I'd never have thought of it. Yes, I'm a relief committee sent out by the church to give unexpected drunks to the sober and sorrowful, and Jim rolled up his eyes and looked as solemn as his pious tones seemed to require.

The idea of the thing was too much for him. It improved every moment. "It's a new branch of religious endeavor, my young friend, and say," leaning over the Ragamuffin confidentially, "I originated it myself. There's a lot of us scattered around the city in disguise, but I'm the president, and I've got most of the money."

The Ragamuffin was visibly impressed. "Of course," continued Jim, "there's two branches to our organization, one for feeding and clothing and one for licking-up, and as you've been overlooked by the others, I'll attend to you. Stay inside and I'll go in and buy a bottle."

The Useless Wretch soon reappeared and plied the shivering Ragamuffin with whiskey. The poor kid choked and spluttered, and Brown eyed him speculatively.

"Say, youngster, which would you rather have, a good drunk or a good square meal and some new clothes? Do you know, I believe that rye's wasted on you—I really do."

"Clothes or a drunk?"

"Yes," said Jim, "which will you have? A drunk on the best of whiskey that will keep you feeling good for a week and give you something to talk about all your life, or some sausages and some clothes." And it was plain by Jim's voice that he thought the drunk by long odds the finest offer.

"Say, jist show me dem sausages and de clothes, mister."

Jim looked at him sadly and shook his head disappointedly.

"I don't know whether I ought to spend the money of the society on clothes or not. It's against the rules, but I'm president and I'll fight it through the committee."

Down at a Jew's second-hand store Jim bought the Ragamuffin an overcoat, a pair of socks and boots, and at a cheap restaurant a plate of sausages and a slice of bread. In the eyes of the Ragamuffin the Useless Wretch towered grand and splendid above the heads of all the men he had ever met. Was he not rich and in disguise? Was he not president of a church society to provide liquor for the poor? And had he not violated the rules of the society to buy him clothes?

When Jim had secured him a bunk in a lodging house and given him a quarter to go into the newspaper business, he left him. But as he left, the youngster stepped up and showed a desire to whisper.

"Say, ain't you a preacher?"

Jim put his fingers on his lips and mysteriously whispered: "Don't gimme away."

And thus The Wretch and the Ragamuffin parted, the latter to sleep and dream of his magnificent benefactor, the former to take up the interrupted thread of his debauch.

A Noble Sentiment.

"So you are engaged?"

"Yes."

"Is the lucky girl blue-blooded?"

"No; but she's blue-eyed, and blue eyes carry the day where blue blood retreats."

A Panic.

Little Dick—There was a panic in the theater I went to last night.

Little Johnny—Wot's a panic?

Little Dick—W'y everybody gets scared 'cept you.

Rational.

Clerk—Now, will you have this umbrella sent up or will you carry it?

Christmas Shopper—Send it up just as soon as you can, for it's pouring and raining right now.

"It's a good thing we can't see ourselves as others see us," said Mawson.

"That's so," said Witherup complacently.

"How conceited I'd be if we could!"

1892-1893.

(TO HOWARD L. ADAMS, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.)

For Saturday Night.

Old friend, across this continent, while slaps
The old year's breath, and gathers fast the light
Of twelve new moons, with eager heart and lips,
I drink your health a thousand times to-night!

I drink your health, old friend, in many ways;
For in the ruby richness of the glass
I see in miniature the deeds and days
And gladness of our mutual boyhood pass.

I see the fragrant fields and fairer hills,
The maple wood, and all that lay below;
The silent village churchyard, and the mill's
Old ruins; and the creek, serene and slow.

I see the village, sleepy as ourselves,
On summer mornings—ere the wide-eyed sun
Himself had risen—when we urolin elves
Went faring forth with deadly rod and gun.

And in this glass again the river flows,
The river of our best years and our youth;
And down its placid current gently flows
The hour when all life seemeth all of truth.

And in this wine old faces come and go,
Old faces that have changed so much since then;
Frank eyes of boys and girls we used to know,
And faces that we shall not see again.

And so I stand within the land and years
Of long ago, and toast the glorious days
Of those old times; and, tempered with my tears,
Your health—God bless you in a thousand ways!

CHARLES GORDON ROBERTS.

A Quarter to Twelve, December 31, 1892.

For Saturday Night.

Like some lone wanderer plodding through the dreary night,
Knowing that death alone will greet the coming light,
Bowed down with age, gasping to catch each fleeting breath,
And pushing ever onward to the gates of death;

Onward—Ah! dear old year, thy life was brief,
And if thy days of gladness wandered hand in hand with grief
'Twas not thy fault, through all when life was dark and dreary,
When hearts were filled with pain and tear-stained eyes so weary;

When, through the mists there seemed to float and drift
Huge clouds of pain, it seemed they scarce could lift
Their gloomy shadows from the world below;
When all was night, there seemed to burst and flow
A glorious stream of sparkling light

Chasing away the darkening shadows and the dreary night,
Parting the heavy clouds of pain and grief,
Bearing us ever onward to the land of sweet relief.
Onward—and as the rippling waters flow,
A voice from heaven so strangely sweet and low
Whispers across the stream of golden light:

Echoing far and wide across the dying night:
"Could you but know that golden light is ever shining,
Thy grief is but a passing cloud that has a silver lining."

Ah! dear old friend, thy race is nearly run,
A few more fluttering breaths and then thy day is done.
And some may watch thy death without a passing sigh,
'Tis for the fresh and new, the baby year they cry.

But, dearest friend, to me thou'lt ever be
A golden dream, a cherished memory.
Good-bye, old year, I almost seem to hear thee weep,
"Twas well to go with thee, to glide into peaceful sleep
And there to rest—and rest until our God of love
Comes down again to lead us to that home above.

And if, perchance, those eyes which soon will find relief,
If they can look once more and see my pain and grief,
Can see these weary tears which gush and flow,
Remember, dear old friend, 'tis all because I loved thee so.

ESTHER TALBOT KINGWILL.

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A Word to the Wise.

For Saturday Night.

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,"
So runs the quaint old song,
Ye maids who read the poet's lay,
Pray do not heed it long.

A rosebud, born to live a day,
A foolish choice would be,
'Tis fair but frail, a fitting type
Of man's inconsistency.

Beneath its petals soft and fair,
A cruel thorn doth lie,
The hand that wanders rashly there
Is wrung in agony.

"Time's on the wing," the poet cries;
Wise maids, do not delay,
A flower blooms that never dies,
Secure it while ye may.

Emblem of purity and truth,
It blooms forever fair;
Do not despise its modest worth,
Such qualities are rare.

The heedless maid, who wilfully
Turns good advice aside,
Is sure to rue it tearfully
While yet a blushing bride.

The maiden wise, prepared to wed,
In scorn from her is casting
The once fair rose, already dead,
Its beauty now forever fled.

Seeks more enduring charms instead
And plucks—an Everlasting. F. M. KELLY.

To the Horse.

For Saturday Night.

Most noble steed! renowned in times of yore,
With man then joined thou formedst the Centaur,
A mythic beast—which real—had ruled the world,
And every petty nation downward hurled.

Thou'lt all the bickings of the knightly age,
When was 'twist man (not gun) did hotly rage,
And feats of courage, deeds of daring do
Were done by all (and not as now by few);

Thou wert the knight's companion, staunch ally,
Content with him to live, with him to die.
So be in peace as thou hast been in war,
And grant thy strength again—to draw the oar,
Else we must doleful wail with lowering frown
And hear it said, "The current's just run down!"

C. A. S. BODDY.

The Death of the Elk.

For Saturday Night.

It was late in the woods where the north wind swept,
It was late in the northern day,
When my comrade and I up the beech ridge crept
And found the great elk at bay.

Two bounds were down, and his eyes were red,
And the foam lay on his breast;
But his strength went down at the hunter's tread,
And a hand on the trigger pressed.

It was late on the snow, 'neath the sunset's food,
As we leaned on our rifles there,
And saw the red sun touch the redder blood,
On the scene of his death and despair.

REYNOLD GOVART.

Between You and Me.

WHAT funny things one comes across in the papers! I had quite an outbreak of glass eye items this week. First a hideous story of a poor girl, who passed hours of horror shut up in that helpless arrangement, an English railway carriage, with one other passenger, whose "glass eye" neither slumbered nor slept; then an absurd account of a riot raised by the natives of some Chinese town against the good missionaries who had presented a convert with a glass eye to replace a lost peeper. The pigtailed heathens accused the good men of black art and ran them out of the settlement. Once again the glass eye met me; this time a criminal at the guillotine's foot took out his glass eye and presented it as a souvenir to his father confessor, who, the faithful reporter remarks, gracefully accepted it. I am afraid most confessors, not to mention ordinary mortals, would have fallen from grace under such an ordeal. What a present! the glass eye of a murderer. It would gaze at you with knowing and meaning glares, it would twinkle at your horror, and glitter at your distress. A look of his hair might be a clinging, twining terror, but a glass eye, oh, please, no.

"Take comfort," said a bright, hearty woman to me the other day. "I'd rather not, thank you," I said seriously, and she went on with a puzzled, backward look. Between you and me, I'd rather not be reduced to the state that needs comforting, for I should then be very badly off indeed. And in this world are very few comforters. Suppose you lose your means of livelihood, who comforts you? Who has time, or tact, or love enough to give you just the hope and the courage and the patience you need? How uncouthly they essay their comfortings. One says, "Oh, well, you're better off than some, you have your health." And another, "Poor thing! I do feel sorry for this, but it's the way of the world." And a third says, "My! I should think you'd feel like giving up. I should, in your place." And some sigh, and some smile, and some give generous worldly help (sometimes!) but who comforts you? They exasperate you, and depress you yet lower, and rouse your every rebellious feeling, and yet they mean well. Once I knew a sweet woman, plain of face, but with the soul of a comforter. In the direst trouble of my young life, she asked no questions, and spoke softly and gently words that fell like balm. Sometimes she did not speak at all, but in blessed silence sat, lightly stroking my hot hand, my sullen brow, my wet cheek. God bless her! She has been with the angels this many a year, but I can shape my idea of what should be a comforter by her sacred memory! Not many attain unto it, but, when one does, the seraphs smile!

There is a comfort for every trouble; perhaps you don't believe it, but it's true. And it's the want of thought and study of others that makes us such poor comforters. A single sentence, wisely spoken, can take the sting from some of the worst pains the ingenuity of the Evil One can nip us with. Only, to know! to be so careful, so wise, so sympathetic and so brave as needs to speak them! I often see the most feeling and tender folks shrink from sorrow and suffering in others, and people say, "How selfish," but they are only filled with the sense of their ignorance of the art of comforting and I, who am just now in the same box, would not so misjudge them. This want of power to comfort brings to my mind the most exquisite and elevating sentence I know; let me pass it on to you, dear friends in grief, who tell me brokenly that "nothing can comfort you now." It is this, "Only the infinite pity of God can meet the infinite pathos of Human Life."

That was a great bicycle ride taken last year by Mr. Allen and Mr. Sachtleben (his name reads like a gripsack turned wrong-side-out) through central Asia. The perfidious pneumatic tires did not give hopelessly out until one was kicked by a mule. The journey was from Constantinople to Peking and Tientsin, whence they returned to America via Shanghai and Japan. They started a year ago last fall, and completed their journey some time about the end of last year. Such adventures, such kodak views, and such funny straits as they were caught in will make many a laugh for interested readers later on. One good governor in China gave them small stamped squares of cloth to hang on their handle bars, inscribed "yu li wen yen," (which looks prettier than its sound) meaning traveling students, and also setting forth their names and destination. The Chinamen were very inquisitive about the "wind wagons"—(alias pneumatic wheels) and once when no threats or barricades sufficed to keep out the crowd, the bicycles were sent under guard to the Governor's official residence, where they remained until the riders were ready to proceed. A book will be the natural outcome of this wonderful ride and I hope lots of cyclists will enjoy it.

I think the present decade should be named the age of critics. People criticize everything! Do you remember the good old times when only a wild and reckless individual here or there dared to criticize a sermon, rather, the good folks deemed it more *comme il faut* to swallow in silence doctrine, however hard, and truths, however stringent. We all know how they dissect and demolish any but the strongest and most perfect efforts nowadays. And then, the vocal efforts of the female song-birds of the first half of our century! How they were politely aided up to high Cs, and upheld on tremulous cadenzas, or whatever is the proper name for those shaky and imbecile vocal gymnastics, and applauded when they had whined and gurgled and rasped to the end. Would we help them now! Would any of them dare to warble! No! It has come to this, that only when the daughter of the house feels fit to face a crowd from behind the footlights, she will sing for us. We have even dropped away from the old music. In the gloaming and waiting, and all the purposeless, sugary, teary inanities which once resounded from every parlor are gone. That is something to be thankful for, but even then I somehow regret the girl voices

and the critical attitude of the *salon*. It is hard on them. Men sing comic songs—one would like to shoot them for it, but killing is murder, and one can't! Of course what we get is good, when we get it, but it comes few and far between. I can count on the fingers of one hand the amateur singers I know who are fit to listen to. I can look back, some years, it is true, and remember when one family could furnish as many. Where are they gone? A high standard has killed them! Criticism has shut their mouths!

LADY GAY.

The Picture in the Flames.

COUNT IVAN DIRCHKOFF sat before the fire in his luxuriously furnished library. The flames leapt and flashed their light on him, as he lounged at full length, displaying the lithe, athletic figure, the handsome, though somewhat wolfish face, lit up by cold, keen blue eyes. There was something curious about Dirchkoff's face; women called it attractive, even fascinating; men, who were perhaps jealous of his popularity and success with the sex, called it a mask, and declared that if the owner was caught off his guard he would not appear so fascinating. To have caught

unpleasant or the images seen in the fire recall disagreeable memories, for Dirchkoff starts and shivers as the storm howls and shrieks against the house, and the haunted look becomes more pronounced as he hears the jingle of sleigh bells during a lull. Surely the fire must be assuming fantastic shapes, for now he sees, and shudders as he does so, wolves' heads; ten, fifty, hundreds, grinning and snarling at him. Bah! One thrust with the poker and he laughs at his uneasiness; besides, Crassowsky and the other guests will arrive soon and then—whose face is that looking at him from out of the flaming brands? His nephew's! Spellbound, Dirchkoff stares as the features become clearer and more distinct, and the eyes flash menacingly at him as a hand points to a horrible gash on the temple. Dirchkoff tries to move, to shriek; he can only look as the face slowly dissipates and is replaced by that scene which is ever present, ever before him. God! If his guests arrive now they too will see that tableau so clearly lit up by the fire: will know that Dirchkoff, rich, honored, envied, is a murderer, a dastard. Curse the flames! How plainly they depict the scene. The sleigh, with its two occupants, Dirchkoff and his nephew, swinging and bounding behind the three straining horses mad with fright, stretched at their topmost

strokes of a keen knife and the animal is free from the harness, and with Dirchkoff clinging to him bounds from between . . . "Great heavens! Ivan," said the voice of Crassowsky in his ear. "If *la belle Comtesse* were to see you with that haunted look on your face she would faint."

That night Dirchkoff's laugh was the loudest and longest, his voice most frequent, his potatoes the deepest, and his guests, surprised at his unusual display of spirits, declared him the finest host they had ever dined with.

DOUGLAS GREGORY.

A New Year's Midnight Carnival.

Mrs. McCaffrey has not gone in much for painting, etching and embroidery like most ladies in Toronto. Her great weakness is old china, old pictures, antique furniture and bric-a-brac. Mrs. McCaffrey's bed-room is a regular museum. The sideboard, bureau and every piece of furniture excepting the bed is covered with ornaments; there is terra cotta, china, silver, glass, and many other delicate and fragile ornaments too numerous to mention. On New Year's night Mr. Joe McCaffrey returned home—to use an Irish phrase—early in the morning. He had been out to a New Year's

"Don't know; blamed if I care. I've been hunting among these crockery fall-lals of yours for half an hour after Isaac Walton and the matches. I suppose he's gone down to the bay to fish and taken the matches along with him." "You won't find him there. I've told you a dozen times he's on the dressing table, on the far corner, right-hand side—do be careful!" Crash went Cromwell and Queen Elizabeth, which made Mrs. McCaffrey rise quicker than Sally Walker ever could do. After the "old fisherman" was found and a light thrown on the wreck, Mr. Joe caught it. As he remarked next morning, if it hadn't been for the sealskin sacque he promised her he didn't believe that lecture would be over yet. Isaac Walton and the matches have been moved under the gas jet, and peace and good will reign once more in Joe McCaffrey's household.

TOM SWALLOW.

Finishing Up.

On certain days in life we rise determined to distinguish ourselves. Small duties have been accumulating for months; to-day we triumph or die. I have known women who make a list of these prospective employments and transfix it with a pin to the toilet table, where they mark off with swelling triumph each completed task. Others write them on mental tablets and in consequence score their brains heavily during the day. The paper method is the least painful. When you see a woman with enthusiastic eye intent on some distant object, compressed lips and determined brow, avoid her. You may divert a simple force like electricity from its purpose, but not this woman. It is useless reasoning with such a person; her prime motive at present is, finishing up.

It isn't her fault that she can't see the thing from your point of view. If you are inexperienced you insinuate mildly, "that the last time, she remembers—" She doesn't remember.

The man of the house is approached with winning sweetness. "You won't mind if dinner's late to-night, dear, or if you could get it down town? I've a few little things to see after."

"A few little things!" Mrs. Jove, had you ever a few little things to see after, and if so, what did Jove do?

The morning passes in a victorious procession, but as time vanishes chuckling over the back fence, the atmosphere immediately surrounding the woman who is engaged in finishing up eddies with her velocity. She sweeps, she dusts, she covers vast tracts of country. Her thought becomes so rapid that her speech is incoherent, her head arrives in the next place a clear minute before her feet. Her ten fingers are extended wildly in pursuit of as many different objects, and ever her mental eye travels down the diminishing list. For the pure joy of virtue over accomplished duties commend me to the woman who is "finishing up."

You return when evening darkens to see the form dear to your bosom lying on a couch. The head which has enclosed vast designs is laid low, the triumphant eye is dim but happy, the hands, which are visibly thinner since morning, hold the strongest smelling salts in a green bottle to the tranquil nose. Your time-worn sea-rug is slipping off her precious limp feet. You say to her, "Never again;" and she answers faintly, with closed eyes, "No, dear," but such commands and promises are nothing to a woman when she is "finishing up."

PENNY.

Despair—An Etching.

An old-fashioned farmhouse on the shore of the lake, nestling in a clump of snow-clad pines. The winter sun, ere it sinks behind the wall of gray clouds which it has left here and there, with streaks of radiance, kisses the old house with its surrounding straw stacks and barns with lingering fondness, glorifying its quaint old windows with their many panes of glass, until they shine like jewels, rosy-red in the garish light. Within, the neighbors wait with ill-repressed excitement. They have come from miles around, bidden to a wedding. The girls nudge each other and giggle; the men, young and old, stand in a group talking; the older women gossip together. Twice the clock has struck since swift runners and sturdy farm horses left goodly loads at the door, yet the bridegroom has not come. Whispered hints give place to loud conjectures. Upstairs the bride waits. She is just a girl, slim, fair, and gentle. Her simple dress of white cashmere, over the making of which she has spent many a happy hour, becomes her best. Her golden hair is carefully braided about her shapely head. Her veil—a simple, cheap thing of gauze—is thrown back, as she surveys herself in the little square glass that has hung on the wall, reflecting back her smiles and frowns ever since she was tall enough to reach its tell-tale face. The hours pass; the bridegroom does not come. The guests have gone. The bride that waited, waited in vain. She sits now in the gloaming shadows alone. There is grief too deep to share even with a mother. There is disappointment that craves solitude; heart-breaks that all but kill. Slowly the moon rises and casts a silvery shimmer across the little, bare room.

Ah! there is peace in the lake. See the exquisite path—like Jacob's ladder of old—that stretches from the heart of the moon clear across its dark, rippling bosom. That gorgeous pathway must lead to peace. A slight figure leaves the silent farmhouse; with outstretched hands it beckons to the moon. On, on, till the dark waters are reached. On, on—there is surcease of sorrow in the deadly embrace of December waves. The water laps the shore as before. To one heart has come rest and peace.

They carried her gently homeward next day in the bright sunlight she used to love so well. Women wept, men were silent save in condemnation of the bridegroom who never came. They dressed her in her simple wedding gown, and laid her with tears in the little village churchyard near by. And that was the end. The end, did I say? For the bridegroom who never went to claim his waiting bride, it had better have been the end; before him in the pathway of his life an avenging angel holds uplifted an ever ready sword. Sure and unseen it awaits the destroyer of one girl's happiness and life; an unseen menace, it waits to wreak the Almighty's vengeance, just and sure.

FIDEL H. HOLLAND.



WHILE CHURCH BELLS RING.

Dirchkoff off his guard was what no man could boast of. Tales were told of his cat-like vigilance, his unwearied personal watchfulness either at home, in barracks or camp; of his reckless courage and remarkable personal strength. The fate of the man who had stolen into Dirchkoff's bed-room had never been forgotten. His body, the severed head lying near it, was found outside the house in the morning. Dirchkoff, when questioned by the police, stated that, awakened by a noise, he had seized his sabre and struck at random in the direction of the noise; the result of the blow they already knew. Who and what he was no one ever found out. Dirchkoff was rich, in high favor at court and a dead shot; it is not always wise to question such men too closely. Once Dirchkoff had a foe of three days' standing; then he was found dead in bed with marks on his throat which were not pleasant to look at. In Russia men love and hate with the intensity and fierceness of those living where steel and bomb, police and conspirator, make life somewhat uncertain, and it behooves them to act quickly lest the gratification of a passion be snatched from them. Upon the face of the man in the library, gazing into the fire, passion has left few traces, but there is a strained, drawn, unnatural look impressed there as of a weight of secret borne or a haunting fear. Perhaps his thoughts are

speed. Behind them come that close-packed, bloodthirsty mass of wolves who, their prey close in sight, maintain a silence more unnerving in its deadly intent than the loudest outburst of their awful howl. Dirchkoff leans forward and, with endearing epithets, urges on the horses. Count Louis re-loads and discharges his rifle, actuated more by the desire to kill as many as possible before death, than by any hope of arresting the approach of the brutes. The end is not far off now. The outside horses are fearfully distressed; the middle one only, a pure-bred Lusitanian, does not relax his speed, nor roll in his stride. Dirchkoff glances at his nephew and feels a grim satisfaction at the thought that the rich nephew and his pauper uncle will not fare differently at the hands of death. How he hates that boy—hates him for his wealth, for his mother, for his birth which prevented Dirchkoff from succeeding his brother in the estate and title. Now they must die together. Die! Must they both die? Why should not one escape! The Lusitanian can outgallop anything; and the horse is his. Dirchkoff sets his teeth. "The last cartridge, Uncle Ivan," said the cool, firm voice of the boy. Dirchkoff turns, and as his nephew fires, strikes him with the butt of his pistol upon the temple. In another instant he has thrown aside the robes and is on the Lusitanian's back. Four hasty

festival and was in that you-know-how-it-is-yourself sort of way. Joe let himself in and made his way to the bed-room, singing, "At night, at night . . . but oh what a difference in the morning!" The gas was out and Mrs. McCaffrey had retired. Joe made for the bureau in search of a match. He felt carefully around amongst the figures, ornaments and bric-a-brac but he couldn't find the matches. Mrs. Joe had shown him time and again that the matches were always to be found in the fishing basket on the terra cotta figure of Isaac Walton. The girl in dusting around had evidently moved Isaac Walton and put Napoleon Bonaparte in his place. Napoleon hadn't a match about him, so Joe groped around in the dark, moving "his men" as carefully as a chess player so as not to wake Mrs. McCaffrey. The next celebrity he got hold of was Cardinal Wolsey. The cardinal not having "a match in his pocket," Joe quietly tried Falstaff and Dan O'Connell. He was getting cross and impatient. Next he tackled Disraeli, Gladstone and Sir John Macdonald, and wondered what the d— had become of Isaac Walton and the matches. He upset Mary Queen of Scots and Shakespeare, still no matches. The noise woke up Mrs. McCaffrey. "That you, Joe? What the world are you doing this time of night? Did you break anything?"

TWICE LOST:

A Tale of Love and Fortune.

By RICHARD DOWLING,

Author of "The Hidden Flame," "Fatal Bonds," "Tempest Driven," "A Baffling Quest," Etc.

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CHAPTER XLV.

THE STAIN OF MURDER.

Edith had sunk down from sudden reaction, and when Jeaters raised her she began to recover at once.

"It was very stupid of me," she said apologetically. "I sat up late last night. My head felt a little giddy when I came out of your room, and now I think I must have tripped over the mat."

"You are better? You feel all right; let me get you a little wine," he said, leading her to a chair at the landing window.

"Oh, yes, thank you. I feel all right now. I will not have any wine, if you please. I am ashamed of myself. I suppose sitting up in the cold last night did me no good, but I feel myself again."

"What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Orr, speaking at the foot of the stairs. From where she stood she could not see the landing, and she was not very nimble to mount.

"Miss Orr has slipped down," answered Jeaters, coming to the top of the stairs.

"I am all right, mother," cried Edith, from her seat by the lobby window. She did not yet feel sure enough of her strength to walk to the head of the stairs. In her life she had never swooned, nor had her strength ever before failed her in this way.

She therefore over-estimated her weakness. "Will you hand this letter to Edith, if you please, Mr. Fancourt," said Mrs. Orr, who, knowing nothing of the interview between Edith and Jeaters, or of the stumbling on the landing, felt no uneasiness.

He slipped down and took the letter from the widow with grave reluctance. It was rather hard that he should have to hand the other man's letters to her.

"It will do her more good than wine or water, Mr. Fancourt. It is from the man she is engaged to, Mr. John Crane," said Mrs. Orr, as she backed into the shop and shut the door. "If he did not know up to this, it were well he knew at once that Edith was not a free maiden," she thought.

Jeaters handed the letter to Edith with a gloomy air. She took it and smiled, and put it in her pocket, and after resting a few minutes, thanked Jeaters and went up to her own room.

The short winter day was drawing to a close. She sat down in the window to rest a while. As yet she did not feel equal to reading Jack's letter. She was still suffering from faintness. All things had an insubstantial and wavering look, as though she looked at them through the rain-streaming windows of last night. All sounds seemed borne on a tremulous murmur; the ground she walked on appeared to sway and shift under her foot as though the carpet was padded and loose. The things she touched had a far-away, insubstantial feel, as though her hands were half numb.

Sitting in her old straw easy-chair, she took the letter out of her pocket and dropped it on her lap. She was not for the moment equal to making any effort. It was a blessed privilege to sit here, in one's own room, in one's own chair, and feel strength gradually creeping back into limb and vein.

The afternoon grew darker and darker. The early winter night descended out of the heavy, gray sky upon the gray river, and the flat Essex shore beyond. Into the stagnant air rose from dwelling-houses and factories pillars of brown smoke, which opened flower-like at the top and spread in heavy layers and leaves along the low sky. In under the pall of darkness and cloud and smoke suddenly thrust the sharp dots of yellow gas-flame, like the fiery heart of the flash in the cannon smoke, only here the flash remained fixed in the smoke, a burning jewel set in livid lead.

Edith drew down the blind and lit her candle. Even yet she felt only half vital, as though half her breath had been stolen. She broke the seal. The letter was dated Balize, and ran:

"MY OWN EDIE,

"From what they tell me here it may be you will get this letter before one I wrote from San Pedro in Vera Paz, although it is nearly a fortnight since I left that unlucky place.

"The mail arrangements there are not the best, and I had to leave the posting of my letter in other hands. So that I am not sure about it. All that occurred up to my writing the former letter I must allow that letter to tell. Most of what has befallen me since I must leave over to tell into your white ear, my own one. For the present I will only say I have been more than a week lost in the primeval forest, and during that time I saw no man nor any creature but tree creatures—animals and birds and reptiles, which live among the leaves high above like bats in a church.

"The first human being I met upon emerging from the forest was an Englishman, a notorious brigand, who treated me very kindly and amused me by prophesying that when I got back to England I should find my sweetheart married! No wonder that prophet found little credit in his own country. But then he did not know my Edie, and he had suffered sad experience. His story must keep, too, until I can tell it, between kisses.

"But there! there! I am talkative with the blue peter flying on the mail boat. I have little time to catch the post, which is weekly, and by this day week I shall not be able to write, for I shall be on the sea, bound home to England and my love.

"I succeeded in borrowing a little money here, not enough to pay my passage, only a few pounds to buy clothes, for I was in rags. I have signed articles as one of the crew in the barque Opal, of Hull, which sails for London to-morrow. The Opal was short of hands, and I explained my circumstances and offered to do anything I could, though how I am to be of much use I do not know.

"My own darling Edie, when writing my former letter I was in despair, and said I would

release you from your promise. Now I am full of hope, dear, for although I have had my jaunt here for nothing, and have spent time and money, and nearly lost my life, for nothing, I do not mind all that now, since I am on my way to home and you. This letter will reach you nearly as soon as the other (for it goes by a quicker route). I have no doubt by which letter my darling girl will abide, the former one in which I gave her freedom, or this one in which I still give her freedom, but tell her that I would pledge my life that she would not dream of taking back her gift when she knows it is all the world to me, when she remembers that it was for her sweet sake I set out upon the expedition which has cost me time and money, and all but life, which I value as a feather compared with my Edie, my love, my dear, my life, my soul.

"I don't think I was entirely in love with my Edie until it seemed to me I had lost her. It was in the loneliness of the forest that the full force of my love for you came upon me. It was when I believed my life was over, and I thought you, dearest, were gone from me for ever, your white hand and your round neck, and your sunny hair, and your bright flashing eyes, and your red sweet lips. It was when I thought of the kisses of those red lips, and the melting softness of your exquisite form, that I rose up a new man, resolved to break through the impossibilities to reach your arms.

"I do not believe I should have the courage to speak to you, as I now speak, only that there are so many miles between us. Meditating on your wondrous loveliness has made me shy of your beauty, as a thing too rare and fine for me. I was only an humble artificer, with sweet ways of thinking about woman, when the white wonder of your beauty broke upon me in the forest, and I became a poet and a hero. I could now swim the Hellespont for you, dearest, or lead the forlorn hope to your rescue. And to think, oh darling, to-morrow I shall be on my way to you! To think that to-morrow every minute which goes by will bring me nearer and nearer to you! To think that to-morrow I shall have to wait only a few times of sunset and sunrise on the sea to be in the Channel, in the North Sea, in the Thames, under my love's window, in the room, in my love's arms! Why, Edie, it is worth all this going away and long absence to feel this wild joy, love, of going back to you again.

"The Opal anchors higher up the river than Furham, somewhere near the East India dock. At the first moment I can leave the ship I will row down to Furham. Even now, four or five thousand miles from Muscovy place, I can fancy I am passing under it to the Furham stairs, and that I see you at the window, and that I wave my hand to you and see your astonishment, that a stranger man should make so bold; for you will not recognize me. I am sure you could not recognize me even now. Oh, my darling! when I think of that moment I have a mad desire to make the ocean my Hellespont and fling myself into the sea and strike out for home and you.

"And even when I see how foolish and mad it is to say such a thing, I go foolish and mad again with joy, as I think that in two months—perhaps six weeks—I shall row under your window and mount the Furham stairs, and feel your white arms around me and your breath upon my cheek; shall kiss your lips, my heart's own Edie, the lips that are awaiting me, the lips that are mine for ever, that never were for any man but JACK."

As Edith read she felt her heart awake. Something new and intolerably rich welled up in her bosom as though her blood were suddenly charged with suffocating sweetness which must be relieved in caresses of love on the loved one. The vital fountains of her nature were infused with a new joy. The passion of love had awakened in the woman.

"I would give myself," she cried, "to be cut in little pieces for him; I would give my body, my soul for his sake."

Suddenly she rose, and setting the candle on the table, on the spot where she had placed it last night, she said:

"Let me see the look of welcome I should give my man if he came now."

She moved away and came back and brought herself before the mirror. She stood staring into it a while amazed. She saw her own face exalted and transfigured by passion. She had never looked on anything so secret and august before. She could not believe such sublime potentialities were in her being.

"Is that the Edith Orr," she whispered, "who was staggered in her mind by what she saw in this glass last night? By what she saw when she looked a welcome to romantic love? No, this is not the same Edith Orr. The other saw a girl waiting the approach of love; this is a woman fulfilled with love once and for ever. Here is love complete; so triumphant there can no greater be."

She turned away from the mirror, and taking up Crane's letter walked downstairs and knocked at Jeaters' door.

"I think," she said, "considering your great kindness to us all in this matter and the splendid service you have done us, it is only fair you should know that in this letter I have just got from Mr. Crane he says he is to start next day in the Opal for London. Allowing for the time this letter took to come, that would bring him here in a month or so, as well as I am able to calculate."

Jeaters was taken aback and disconcerted, and anxious not to be taken aback or disconcerted, he smiled and said, "Oh, indeed," then by way of showing a mind at ease, added, "a month behind his letter! He must be coming by some long route."

"He writes from Balize. He is coming home in a sailing ship."

Then she withdrew, leaving him depressed and disorganized. There could be no mistaking the significance of the girl's visit. She wished to tell him the man to whom she had

engaged herself was on his way home, and she wished that announcement to be an extinguisher of any hopes which might be kindling in his mind.

He could not rest indoors. He went out. He wandered about for hours. As he moved along in the light of the street lamps and shops, he thought with an ugly twinge of "other long walks months ago taken like this one with no aim but to kill thought. Then he was goaded on by remorse, now he was toiling on slowly, painfully, dejectedly in the funeral procession of his hopes. He had dared everything, had risked everything for this superb girl's sake. Up to this hour fortune, or fate, or luck, or whatever else you call it, had favored him beyond his most eager hopes. This very day he made sure the girl cared for him, that, at least, her favorable regard was turned towards him. But (in his mind she was the heart and core of all that was pure and good and honorable) now she would marry this grimy-handed mechanic when he came back from his picturesque and romantic and insane expedition. The cup of life, full to the brim of unspeakable happiness, had been in his hands a few hours ago, but envious spite had dashed it from his hand and left him alone without an ambition, or a hope in a world of gray lights and miserable cold shadows; in a world haunted by a deadly memory, a chill, clammy ghost.

Worn out with long walking and wearying thoughts, Jeaters at last crawled back to Muscovy place. All the lights of the house were out. Two o'clock had struck, and the neighborhood was as quiet as a graveyard. He let himself in with his latchkey, and with leaden feet stumbled upstairs in the dark.

He turned up the gas of his sitting-room. He flung himself into an easy-chair before the dead fire. He had not energy enough to take off his sodden, heavy, muddy boots. He looked around for something to divert his thoughts, something to distract. On the table lay a long flat parcel. He took it up and laid it across his knees, wondering what it could be. He cut the string and opened it.

Shirts. The shirts, no doubt, which had been sent to be marked. Yes, they were the shirts, there was the mark.

Good heavens! what a shock! He jumped up and paced the room like one demented. For one frantic instant he had read "F. Jeaters," as the marking on the linen.

In terror he looked again. The letters were "E. Fancourt." Why had he made such a blunder! Oh, because these shirts were marked with wonderful neatness in gold silk, a kind of marking he had never seen but in Polle's own clothes, in clothes marked by her for him, in the night gown she wore that awful night months ago when she sank forever through that fatal trap, when—cover his eyes from it as he might—his soul had taken the stain of murder!

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE BILL OF AN EVENING PAPER.

For a long time Jeaters' mind had been proof against assaults of conscience in connection with events at St. Vincent place. He had begun to flatter his soul that the appalling episodes of the autumn were erased from his memory. But as trifles—a scent or a tune encountered unexpectedly—will recall unwelcome memories of the past, the sight of the gold silk markings on those shirts, in color and manner ever so familiar, had brought back all the circumstances of the odious tragedy in which he had taken the part of doing murderous nothing.

Before he went to bed that night he suffered what seemed to him annihilating agonies, but the deepest depth of misery was reserved for him in sleep. In the inexorable realm of dreams it was his fate to pass that night confronting a vast panorama, portraying with agonizing minuteness the whole history of Polle from the moment he first met her till the moment when, impelled by the horrors he had invented and told her, she was drawn in sleep towards that hideous trap and precipitated unawares into eternity; or, driven desperate by his neglect and unkindness, rose in sleepless misery and deliberately sought her end in the foul Thames, of her terror, the Thames which had swallowed up her father's life.

The visitation to Jeaters in dreams was purely pictorial. With impressive deliberation the heart-breaking picture went on in gloom and overwhelming solemnity. No word was spoken, no tune was heard. He sat in a great theater, vaster than roof built by human hands ever spanned, and saw the ghostly story unfolding in the impressive silence of a full, slow river.

Once he took his eyes off the vast indictment and looked around the unfathomable auditorium, compared with which the amphitheater of Vespasian were but a stunted vestibule. He was alone at the awful exhibition. So far as his heart was capable of pleasure this gave him joy. There was no one present to spell out this damning indictment but himself.

At last the supreme moment came. The trap stood gaping wide, the fragile, feeble, white figure glided into the hall and approached the trap. By the trap stood himself, Frank Jeaters, looking on with an expression of hideous expectant joy. At the other side of the trap rose a misty, cloudy figure, a figure which filled him with quaking uneasiness, for it had no place in the real scene. By the figure, the sole witness of this terrible spectacle, Jeaters was fascinated. Had there, unknown to him, been a witness? Could it be there had been unknown to him a third character in that abhorrent scene?

The other pictures had moved on. This one had the power of development, the power of action.

Jeaters strained his eyes, but still could not make out this third unknown figure clearly. It was shadowy, as though surrounded by an atmosphere of smoke, wavy, as though moved by hot airs.

All at once the piteous, white figure of Polle shot down through the lethal trap. An odious gleam of triumph shone on the face of Frank Jeaters in the picture. At the same moment the vagueness disappeared from the third, the unknown figure, and it stood, cloaked and hidden still, but yet familiar. In another instant the cloak fell from the shoulders, and Mephistopheles stood revealed!

Jeaters tried to cry out, but found he was voiceless, like the awful spectacle itself.

The evil spirit of the scene thrust his wand



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Ladies

Misses and

Children's

KNITTING

into the mouth of the open trap. When he withdrew the wand it was dripping with blood! With a sardonic smile, Mephistopheles waved the wand through the air and thrust it forward until it touched the forehead of Jeaters in the scene, and lo! on the forehead of Jeaters burned, indelibly, a red spot—a spot of blood—the brand of Cain!

Jeaters woke. He was in a cold sweat. "A horrible nightmare," he consoled himself with thinking, but he did not try to go to sleep again that night. He lit a candle and got a book and read, or pretended to himself, he read until it was time to get up.

With a strong and confident step Edith Orr moved about the house that day after getting the second letter from John Crane and seeing the last revelation of the mirror. She was blithe and gay and debonaire, as of old, but with the weight of knowledge in her ways. Within the past twenty-four hours her mission in life had been clearly defined to her. She was destined to love John Crane with all her heart and soul, to be his wife, to love, honor and obey him. What were the airs and graces of bowing and hat lifting, and modulated voice, and clever speech, compared with adventuring into sullen depths of the forest, and climbing the incessant uplift of the ocean, not to reach the animal woman you love, but to gather guerdon for her, to take fruit from the trees of trees guarded by the Hesperiades, in order that they might be fashioned into a diadem for his sweetheart's wear. And that was the meanest and lowest way of looking at her love for Jack.

But the higher ground, as she felt, you might call it what you like, was that she wanted to go to him and put her arms around him and offer him those lips to kiss, those lips whose kisses she had never thought of before, but which she held now inestimable because they were precious to him. Oh, what was all her poor body compared to her great love! Her body, her heart, her soul were not worthy of his acceptance, but he yearned for them, and they were all she had to give and they were his, as the flowers were the sun's, for without the light of the sun the flowers would not be, and without Jack she would not be in love or think her kisses could be dear.

And there was a month or six weeks to wait, and then Jack would be with her—would be with her in the early spring.

That day was the first day of waiting—of waiting on the part of Edith for her lover—of waiting on the part of Jeaters for his final dismissal. When the Opal of Hull entered the Thames with John Crane on board, Frank Jeaters would take himself away. He had no plans whatever. He drifted with time. Now and then he brought Mrs. Orr a little delicacy, now he handed Edith a flower. But he kept to himself and to his own rooms. Mrs. Staples looked after him altogether, and for all Edith or her mother saw of him he might as well have still lived at Cresswell's if he had dropped into Muscovy place once in a way for a few words of the commonplace gossip.

Matters went on in an even rut at Muscovy place and in Mrs. Natchbrook's. Polle had gone back to her old quiet condition, though she was not quite so apathetic as formerly. She had marked beautifully for Mr. E. Fancourt all his shirts and the rest of his new underclothes, and he had expressed himself as highly satisfied and sent her a present, a copy of a carefully edited Byron, in fine binding. She was very glad to get the book, and it slipped from her to Nancy that once on a long time ago no less a personage than the man who married her had given her such a volume precisely, even down to the binding and the two tassel markers.

She was more collected than she used to be, ere that strange expedition of hers across the river and the day of wild frantic excitement following it. She had grown now sensible and alive to matters around her, and more than once she had said to Nancy, who still continued her chief friend, that she feared she was a burden upon the crippled resources of the Water lane business, and that at any time Mrs. Orr would take her in she would be quite contented to go, though she was perfectly contented where she was. Neither to Edith nor to anyone in the house did she ever refer to the midnight expedition or the day of violence following it, and Edith and Mrs. Natchbrook agreed that for the poor young woman and all the rest of them nothing could be better than their silence.

But if things were quiet and uneventful at Mrs. Orr's and Mrs. Natchbrook's, they were going on in a still more uneventful way in the

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147 Yonge Street

establishment of Crane & Co., Water lane, North Furham. The uneventfulness at Muscovy place and in the Isle of Dogs was more or less desirable, but in North Furham there was no question of move at all, and things stood in a very undesirable way indeed.

Business was not only very bad, but there was every chance of there soon being no business at all. As long as Crane was on the spot everyone was full of confidence in the undertaking, for all who ever met John Crane recognized in him a young man of singular capacity, prudence, enterprise and sagacity.

But the most humane and charitable never thought of attributing any of these faculties to Mr. Benjamin Sherwin, and when it became known that Ben had not only been left in sole charge of the business but had been taken into partnership as well, people became grave. Then came the news of the Bill of Sale to Wrighton & Fry, and finally the failure of the firm on the viaduct.

Up to this Wrighton & Fry had been the principal supporters of John Crane. Now, John Crane was gone away; no one could tell exactly where, and no one could tell exactly when he would be back. Wrighton & Fry had failed, and no one cared much for Ben Sherwin as the manager of a business, and to put the matter in a few words, Crane & Company's clients became shy of them, and Wrighton & Fry being no longer of any use, Crane & Company were beginning to feel very queer indeed. Nothing but the promise of Crane's speedy return from Central America, a place which Ben Sherwin cursed most heartily and to which he declared he would not send an enemy's dog unless that dog had bitten or threatened to bite a

ATKINSON'S
Parisian
Tooth Paste
FOR CLEANING THE TEETH.
30 YEARS IN USE.

The Canada
Sugar Refining Co.
(Limited) MONTREAL

MANUFACTURERS OF REFINED SUGARS OF THE WELL-KNOWN BRAND

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OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY AND PURITY
Made by the Latest Processes, and Neatest and Best Machinery, not surpassed anywhere.

LUMP SUGAR
In 50 and 100 lb. boxes.

"CROWN" Granulated
Special Brand, the finest which can be made.

EXTRA GRANULATED
Very Superior Quality.

CREAM SUGARS
(Not dried).

YELLOW SUGARS
Of all Grades and Standards.

SYRUPS
Of all Grades in Barrels and Half Barrels.

SOLE MAKERS
Of high class Syrups in Tins, 5 lbs. and 8 lb. cans.

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certain "Kate," more of whom could be learned in Hoxton, prevented Ben telling Edith that serious condition in which affairs were. But he felt exceedingly dismal, and had been known by his landlady to practice cutting his throat with a flat ruler before a looking-glass, which she looked on as a bad sign of the condition of the young man's mind, seeing that there was a pair of razors on the dressing-table.

It was about three weeks after John Crane's second letter arrived and before the time he had suggested for his own return had begun to count, that Ben Sherwin, being in great need of money, and knowing that Edith Orr had not been able to send the thirty pounds to Crane for want of his address, crossed the river one day with designs on those thirty pounds. Of course, long ago he had resigned command of the ship, but he had not considered it necessary to acquaint her with all the straits and difficulties of the vessel, Crane & Company of Water Lane. Edith, on her side, had not thought it desirable to tell him more than she conceived necessary for his carrying out what they jointly resolved.

"I have been thinking of asking you for some few days, Miss Orr," he said, when they were in the little parlour alone together, "if you have ever thought of putting the thirty pounds we got from Samuelson into any place of greater security than the safe?"

"I have not only thought of putting it into a place of safety," said she, "but I have arranged for its absolute security. I have given it back to the owner."

She then told him she had handed the Wrighton & Fry bill of sale and the thirty pounds to Jeaters for the money advanced by Samuelson.

Ben turned a wry face but expressed great astonishment and admiration. He did not tell her that he was of opinion that the imposing document she had handed to Jeaters was of little legal value to him under the circumstances, but he did say he was glad she had taken such excellent care that no harm should come to the money. This was not at all the fact. Nothing could have pleased him more than that there and then she should have gone to the safe and handed him the thirty pounds—it would just have served to get him out of a difficulty he was in that day.

Plainly there was nothing more to be done here in this direction, and as the light of the short afternoon was beginning to fade, and he had to get the money somewhere before morning, he hastened away. But before he got to the laneway leading to the steam ferry he drew up as if shot, and staggered against the wall.

At the opposite side of the road on a bill of an evening paper he read the words:

"Loss of the English barque Opal, with all hands."

(To be Continued.)

The Beaver Trap.

Phineas Parker was awake before the first streak of dawn, one cold winter morning of 1710. Phineas was a bright-eyed lad of twelve, stout of heart and strong of limb, and no little help to his father in those days when living in Connecticut Colony, at least, meant plenty of hard work for everybody.

The Parker home was, like most others of the time, a log-house, well built and well filled with children. It was pleasantly located near the Hop river, and commanded a beautiful view up and down the valley. Behind it the forest stretched for many miles, broken by an occasional clearing, in the center of which was a settler's cabin and, more frequently, a circle of Indian wigwags.

When Phineas opened his eyes on this particular morning, he lay very still and listened. He could hear the gentle, regular breathing of his younger brothers, Harlan and Flavel, who lay sleeping in the same bed with him. Soon his keenly attentive ears caught another and more welcome sound—a movement in the room below. His father was up! Instantly he sprang out upon the icy floor; quickly he pulled on his thick, woolen stockings, his rough trousers and jacket; then taking his shoes in his hand and stooping to avoid hitting the rafters, he crept noiselessly down the ladder which led up to his loft.

Asa Parker, a stalwart, resolute but pleasant-natured man, stood raking open the ashes in the fire-place. He was dressed in leather breeches and jacket, with long leggings of the same tough material. About his waist was a hunting-belt, in which were thrust a couple of knives. He piled dry chips on the embers, and the flames burst forth just as Phineas came down from the loft. His father heard his foot-step and turned around. In the dancing fire-light the strong resemblance between the two faces was clearly visible. Both had the same ruddy complexion, bright blue eyes and well-cut features. But now the expression on the boy's countenance was pleading, while that of the father was a mixture of approval and hesitation. They looked at each other a moment in silence. Then Mr. Parker smiled slightly, and a look of great delight immediately overspread the boy's face.

"You promised, father," Phineas said, putting down his shoes and coming toward the fire-place.

"I didn't count on your having such sharp ears," the man said, laughing softly. "Twice as long walk and a cold one for your young legs; but you'll get no harm from that. And it is high time that you were learning to be a hunter. If aught should happen to me, Phineas, you are the main dependence of your mother."

He laid his hand on Phineas's shoulder as he said this, and looked thoughtfully down at him. The boy's heart swelled; he drew himself up and felt that years had been added to his age by this proof of his father's confidence.

They exchanged no more words. In haste they warmed and ate the food which the mother had left ready. They drew their fur caps well down over their ears and buttoned their jackets closely. Last of all, they put on their heavy shoes. Then Mr. Parker slung his powder horn over his shoulder, took down his gun and started toward the door. Phineas, with a stout oak stick firmly grasped, followed.

The moonbeams still lay upon the snow as they walked along the narrow path which led into the forest. But daybreak was near at hand; before they had gone more than a mile or two, the sky was rosy-red. Phineas thought

that he had never seen anything so beautiful as the scene which spread around him. Now and then a rabbit or a squirrel scampered across their way, turning its bright eyes inquisitively at the intruders and darting away beyond reach of harm. But neither of the two-legged folk, who went steadily forward through the woods, was minded to disturb these innocent denizens of the wilderness. Phineas was, for once, too happy and too proud to even think of a "brush." His mind and heart were now on higher game.

As for his father, he strode on with darkening brow and troubled thoughts. For some time back, he had suspected meddling at his beaver traps. These were several miles from home, and their game formed no small portion of the Parker revenues. Asa had been especially successful during this season, and took great pride in his store of well-cured pelts. But of late he had found his beaver traps empty, with many evidences that his beavers had been stolen. Surprised, indignant, and at last exasperated, he resolved to keep a sharp lookout and, if possible, to discover and punish the thief.

As they approached the place, he half regretted that he had allowed Phineas to come with him. He was but a little fellow, after all, and he would fain have him spared the dark side of life for a while longer. And yet—the thought again recurred to him—if a bullet from the gun of this wary robber should lay him low, Phineas would then—But what was that? He looked closer; he saw a faintly outlined footprint on the snow, two of them, indeed, one following straight behind the other. For an instant his heart stood still. Only an Indian walked like that. They were not far from his largest trap, and he knew as surely then as he did an hour later that these scarcely visible tracks kept on to that place, branching neither to the right nor the left.

He turned to Phineas. He spoke to him in a whisper.

"Phineas," he said, laying his hand again on the shoulder fast growing to a level with his own, "I must go on alone now. Climb into this tree and wait for me. If I am not back within one hour, follow the path and find me. And whatever happens, be a good boy to your mother."

He looked earnestly into the eager young face; he took his large silver watch and slipped it into the boy's jacket pocket.

Phineas was startled and awed by his father's strange manner. But he had been trained to unquestioning obedience.

"Yes, father," he said, looking up bravely at him.

Then he climbed into the slippery branches of an oak, while the man went cautiously on. In a few minutes he turned from the trail and made a wide detour, coming to a large rock. Stealthily he crept to this, slowly he drew himself up and peered down at his trap. A tall Indian was in the very act of taking out a fat beaver.

Asa Parker's blood ran hotly through his veins; at his finger-tips he burned with anger at this piece of treachery which he would not have believed had he not seen it with his own eyes.

For many years the most friendly feeling had existed between the Indians and the white people in the Hop River Valley. Presents of corn and game, skins and furs were frequently exchanged; and it was no strange thing for sinewy young braves to spend a day or two at the log cabins of the "palefaces." The cordial good-will and honorable dealing which had grown up between former generations in this neighborhood had never been violated until now, so far as anyone knew.

The white man watched the dexterous movements of the wily robber. He was thinking vigorously at the same time. What if he should let him depart with his booty? He knew only too well that such a course meant further thefts, more daring advances, and, in all probability, unreasonable demands upon the isolated, unprotected family, not stopping short of cruel murder of them all, if once blood began to flow.

What if he killed him? A dozen other redskins might be hiding within sound of his gun, ready to spring to the help of their comrade! That, too, meant the speedy destruction of himself and all who were dear to him.

He weighed the question carefully. He made up his mind. A moment later a bullet whistled through the frosty air. With a yell of agony the Indian leaped from the ground, then fell heavily upon the snow and lay motionless. When the smoke had cleared away, Asa looked around with searching glance; his ears were keen to detect the slightest sound; his hastily reloaded gun was drawn up to his shoulder; not moving a muscle, he waited. But he saw nothing; he heard nothing. Minute after minute passed. Then, still silently, trying to look in every direction at once, he ven-

Quite an Idea.



Mother—Heavens, Linda! what are those great tin things? They can't be wedding presents! Linda—Oh, they are tin canopies that Jack and Lydia are going to wear when the rice throwing commences.—Judge.

tured to slide down the rock; he made his way toward the prostrate Pequot. Bending above him he saw that his aim had been sure. The bullet had gone straight through his heart. He would steal no more beavers from a white man's trap.

And now arose another question of no small importance. What should be done with the body? Again Asa Parker considered. Again he made up his mind. His face was set and stern. The work of the next few hours would be no child's play. It was attended with no little danger, but he did not hesitate.

First of all, he set the trap. Then he turned to the dead Indian. As he did so, he heard quick steps approaching. He seized his gun and pointed it toward the dark object he could dimly see among the trees. But the next instant he lowered it. Phineas was running along the trail. His face was white, but his eyes were blazing and he brandished his club.

"O, father," he cried, "I heard the gun, and I couldn't wait there!"

"Hush, boy!" said Asa sternly, pointing to the lifeless figure at his feet.

Phineas looked down, and his eyes grew round with astonishment. He had seen but few Indians, for he was seldom allowed to go far from home, and they were always objects of great curiosity, never of dread. But now he felt a strange thrill all through him as he gazed wonderingly at the large, brown features, gay with paint; the long, coarse plaits of hair; the feathers, the leggings, the moccasins, the blankets of this one, lying there so quietly. He watched every movement of his father breathlessly, as he wrapped him securely and compactly from sight in his blanket. This done, Asa hid the beaver behind the rock, covering it with snow. He gave his powder-horn and gun to Phineas, saying briefly:

"Watch, and make no noise."

Then he lifted his uncanny burden upon his shoulder and started toward home. At each step he feared, indeed expected, to be surrounded by Indians in anything but a friendly frame of mind. Every moment of that silent march through the forest, with his father and his father's awful companion, his nerves at the highest tension of excitement, alert, vigilant, yet feeling brave enough with the gun, to meet the whole tribe of revengeful Pequots, was remembered to his dying day by Phineas Parker. On and on they went, as swiftly as possible and as noiselessly. At last, after what seemed to the boy a thousand years, they came within sight of their little cabin. Then, for the first time, Asa spoke to his little son:

"Put down the gun, Phineas," he said very softly. "Go tell your mother to take all the children up the loft with her and keep them there until I come. Say no more. Then come back to me."

Phineas flew to do the errand. Esther Parker was a brave woman. Her cheek grew pale; but she, too, had learned to obey unhesitatingly. She gathered her six little ones and sent them up the ladder before her. She sang to them; she told them wonderful tales; she kept them amused and contented; but all the while her thoughts and her heart were outside with Asa and their boy. What were they doing? What did those strange, dull, continuous sounds, apparently beneath the house, mean? Would they never cease? Could they come from the small cellar which had been dug, at her special request, before their cabin was begun? How little she had dreamed then that this very cellar was to furnish a grave for one of the bravest young chiefs of Hop River Valley!

But so it was. After long, hard labor on the part of the far-seeing, determined settler, the burial place was safely hidden from sight or sound of any of the tribe. It remained forever unknown to them; and the beaver-trap of Asa Parker was never again molested.

For days and weeks and even months, the father and mother and oldest son of this little family kept a strict watch for any signs of revenge on the part of possible spectators of the tragedy. But time passed on, and at length they became convinced that, if, indeed, observed at all, it had taught a wholesome fear of the "speaking gun."

One hundred years later, the children of Phineas' children built a handsome residence upon the very site of the log-house. Before the foundations were laid, the cellar was deepened and enlarged. In the course of this work, the spades of the men rattled against some strange objects. One by one they were taken out and laid side by side upon the grass. Bones, and human bones! A shudder crept over the blue-eyed boy and the dark-haired, dimpled little Esther who came from their play to see them. They turned to their father with eyes full of wondering questions.

At first he did not see them. He was recalling the thrilling narrative he had so often

heard from his grandfather's own lips. With careful hand he arranged the crumbling remains of the culprit for burial, and then he told his children the story of their great-grandfather's Indian.—Elizabeth Olmsted in the N. Y. Ledger.

Slightly Confused.



Jenkins (who has fallen asleep against a lamp-post and has buttoned his double-breasted ulster around it)—Lemme go, I tell you! If you're a lady think conduct is wrong, and if you're a highwayman I ain't got a cent, so lemme go."

A Modern Definition.

Bobbie—Papa, what do they call it a skirt dance for?

Papa—Because you can't see the skirt.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Relieves Indigestion, Dyspepsia, etc.

Unintentionally Correct.

"If I were you, Jones, I wouldn't be a fool," said Robinson, during an argument.

"You are right; if you were I wouldn't be a fool," replied the latter.

Indigestion, Dizziness, Take BEECHAM'S PILLS.

Worthy Motives.

First Collegian—I say, Cholly, what was your object in coming to college?

Second Collegian—to get an education and furnish tobacco for Ben Stevens.

A Case for Pasteur.

"Lockjaw must be a very unpleasant thing to have."

"It is indeed. I carry a scar in the calf of my left leg from a case of it."

"Of lockjaw?"

"Yes. A bull-dog and I had it together."

Not That Kind.

Scott's Emulsion does not debilitate the stomach as other cough medicines do; but on the contrary, it improves digestion and strengthens the stomach. Its effects are immediate and pronounced.

He Changed.

Doctor—Well, Rastus, how are you feeling to-day?

Rastus—I reckon, doctah, I done feels just about no bettah, sah.

Doctor—Indeed? What did you have for dinner to-day?

Rastus—Chicken, sah.

Doctor—Why, man alive! that was what you had yesterday, and I distinctly told you then you needed a change of diet.

Rastus—I war mighty tickler 'bout dat, doctah. Dis wuz altogether anudder chicken dat I done eat ter-day.

New Facts About the Dakotas

Is the title of the latest illustrated pamphlet issued by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway regarding those growing states, whose wonderful crops the past season have attracted the attention of the whole country. It is full of facts of special interest for all not satisfied with their present location. Send to A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont., for a copy free of expense.

No Doubt he Wouldn't.

Hippie—How would you like me for a Christmas present, Miss Cash?

Miss Cash—I'm afraid Mr. Trivet wouldn't like it.

Hippie—Mr. Trivet?

Miss Cash—Yes; you see I've promised to be his Christmas gift myself.

California and Mexico.

The Wabash Railway have now on sale round trip tickets at very low rates to southern points, including Old Mexico and California. The only line that can take tourists via Detroit through St. Louis and Kansas City and return them via Chicago and vice versa. Finest equipped trains on earth, passing through six states of the Union. Spend a winter in Mexico, the land of the Aztecs and Toltecs; finest climate and scenery in the world and older than Egypt. Time tables and all information about side trip at new ticket office, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, Toronto.

De Trop.

"I think I'll send her a nice album accompanied by a photograph of myself."

"Oh, leave out the photograph. I heard her say she had seen so much of you this season!"

\$10 Excursion to Washington, D.C., on Dec. 27 via the Picturesque Erie Railway.

Wait for the finest excursion of the season, only costs \$10, round trip, Suspension Bridge to Washington. Tickets will be on sale at Suspension Bridge and good to return on or before January 5, 1903. You can also return via New York by paying \$4 extra. Through sleepers. For further particulars apply to S. J. Sharp, 19 Wellington street east, Toronto.

Proved False.

The wife of a popular society man objected most strenuously to the late hours that he kept, compelling her to remain alone far into the night. So she made a scene and he promised amendment. He kept his promise for some time, but one night a game of poker fascinated him to such an extent that, just after the "consolation" was on the table, he saw with horror that daylight was creeping in as he was creeping out. He reached his hotel in trepidation and sneaked into his room on tip-toe. Oh, joy! his wife was sound asleep. But it was broad daylight outside. So, with great caution, he opened the windows, closed the shutters, pulled down the shades, set back the clock, lit

the gas, and proceeded very quietly to prepare for bed. But he dropped one of his shoes, and then the voice of his wife was heard.

"Is that you, Willie, dear?"

"Yes, darling."

"Oh, how could you be so late!"

"It isn't so late, darling."

"What time is it?"

"Just one o'clock."

"What?"

"One o'clock."

"Never!"

"Look for yourself," and he pointed triumphantly at the timepiece.

"Well, I certainly thought it was much later. I was afraid you'd broken your promise."

"The idea!"

"But, Willie, dear!"

"Yes, love."

"If it's only one o'clock, why are the birds chirping outside the windows?"

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CARTER'S
LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents, five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.



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SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

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WONDERFUL PILLS

The Nerve and Blood Builder—the Great Female Medicine

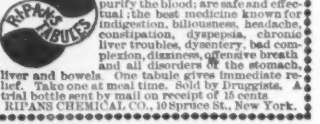
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COFF NO MORE

WATSON'S COUGH DROPS

Will give positive and instant relief to those suffering from Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc. R. & T. W. stamped on each drop. TRY THEM.



An Absolute Cure for Indigestion.

ADAMS' PEPSIN

Tutti-Frutti

Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners. 5 cents

KEEPS YOU IN HEALTH.

DUNN'S

FRUIT SALINE

DELICIOUSLY REFRESHING.

A safeguard against infectious diseases. Sold by chemists throughout the world.

W. G. DUNN & CO. Works—Groydon, England.

Social and Personal.

Continued from Page Four.

the notice it has received from such a capable society as the Vocal. Miss Kingsmill is a daughter of the late Mr. George Roden Kingsmill, one of the most brilliant literary men of his day, in Canada, and whose clever works frequently appeared in the great literary world of London, England. May success follow his fair young daughter.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, assisted by Madame D'Auria, vocalist, will give a piano recital in St. George's Hall on Wednesday evening, January 25. Madame D'Auria will sing Delibes' O Thou Cruel Sea, and Godard's Who Gave You Your Sweet Eyes. Mr. Tripp's selections embrace the music of Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, Godard, Liszt, Maekowski and Rubinstein.

Dr. E. Herbert Adams gave a lecture on The Prevention of Consumption to the members of the gymnasium at the Y. M. C. A., on Friday, January 6.

Miss Stinson of Belleville, who is now visiting Miss Jean White of Woodstock, is, with Miss White, expected to visit Mrs. C. E. Maddison of 106 St. George street shortly. I am told the young ladies will, under the chaperonage of Mrs. Maddison, attend the Osgoode Hall dance.

The fifth annual ball given by the employees of the Queen's Hotel and Walker House takes place at Webb's parlors on Wednesday, January 25, at 9 o'clock p.m. Glionna and Carkeek will supply programme and intermission music, and a right merry time will no doubt be spent.

Mrs. Mackay of Dundonald, Yonge street, gave a delightful dance at her handsome home last evening.

Mrs. and Master Jack Lowe of 419 Sackville street have gone to Chatham to visit Miss Pillsworth.

Mr. Robert McCall of 130 D'Arcy street entertained about forty of his young friends at an At Home on Thursday evening, January 5. An excellent orchestra provided music for the dancers. Among those present were: Misses Larmoth, Morrison, Oag, Perriman, Jones, Hicks, Forsythe, Davidson, Hunter, Rae, Small, McGill, Brimmesdell, and Messrs. Sparling, Rider, Greer, Robson, Clifford, Jenner, Rae, Braithwaite, Blake, Jones, Beggs, Woodland, Fudger, Forsythe, Hulse, Abbs, McGill, Auger, Johnstone and others.

A very pretty little wedding occurred at Our Lady of Lourdes church on Monday, the contracting parties being M. J. O'Connor, B.A., LL.B., formerly of Dundas, but now of Kingston, and Miss Lillie McGuigan of Toronto. Rev. Father Walsh officiated. Mr. J. P. Mallon acted as best man and Miss Maud Reddan as bridesmaid. The bride was dressed becomingly in brown. Mass was sung, Miss Fanny Sullivan presiding at the organ. Mrs. Murray Dixon also sang suitably to the occasion.

Mr. Charles L. Chase of the New York Life Insurance Company was presented with a handsome gold locket by the members of the Sardonx club (of which he was president), on the occasion of his leaving Toronto to accept a better position in Montreal.

A very pretty wedding took place at St. John's church, Gananoque, on Monday, January 9. The contracting parties were Mr. Jay A. Burns, of the firm of Pennington & Co., Montreal, and Miss Alice Brophy, only daughter of Mrs. A. E. Brophy. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father O'Gorman. The bride was attired in cream silk trimmed with Irish point lace, and looked charming; the veil was secured with white myrtles and the bride carried a bouquet of roses fringed with white carnations. She was attended by Miss Cella Burns, Miss O'Neill and Miss O'Gorman, all of Gananoque, and Miss Robena Brophy of Montreal. These charming attendants wore gowns of Bedford cord with trimming of silk, two being of Nile green and two of cream. The chapeaux were of white felt trimmed with ostrich tips. The groom was supported by Mr. James A. Burns of Toronto and Mr. Lewis McRobie of Montreal. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. James P. Brophy. After the ceremony the bridal party and guests drove to the residence of the bride's mother, where the wedding dinner was spread. The bride was the recipient of many handsome presents. Mr. and Mrs. Burns left for an extended tour of the Eastern States.

Mrs. W. N. and Miss Lillian Kennedy of Winnipeg have returned to this city from New York for the rest of the winter, and will reside at 271 Jarvis street.

The Jessamine Club give an At Home on Wednesday, January 18, at 8.30 p.m., in the Prospect Park parlors. The lady patronesses of the event are: Mesdames J. Taylor, J. Shaunnassy, H. Vernon and H. A. Haesley. Mr. R. J. Conlan is the secretary. The committee is formed equally of ladies and gentlemen and is as follows: The Misses Taylor, Lloyd and Hadley, Messrs. McKittrick, Bradwin and Conlan. A pleasant evening under these auspices is a foregone conclusion.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lugadin of Sherbourne street entertained a number of friends on Thursday of last week. Music, games and recitations combined to pass a most delightful evening. Messrs. Bert, Frank, Harry and Laurie Lugadin ably assisted the host and hostess in making the event a marked success. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Blackford, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lugadin, Misses Gledhill, Misses Gibb, Misses Lugadin, Miss Jeffrey, Miss Barnett, Miss Smiley and Messrs. Owen Smiley, Gledhill, Jeffrey, Fielding, Kerr and Smiley.

An immense number of friends and supporters of the Grace Homeopathic Hospital responded to the invitation of the president and board of management last Monday evening, and the spacious building was, as I anticipated it would be, thronged with guests. They clustered on the landings, roamed about the corridors, blocked up the stairways and swarmed into the concert room, where a charming



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ing programme was in progress from eight to ten o'clock. The Queen's Own Band played on the first corridor, and sundry young folks danced to their inspiring music. After the concert a few of the gentlemen cleared the chairs from the concert room and an impromptu dance to the piano was indulged in by a number of young people. Among those present were: Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski, Judge McDougall, Rev. John and Mrs. Langtry, the Misses Langtry, Mr. and Mrs. John Catto, Dr. and Mrs. R. A. Pyne, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Galbraith, Mr. and Mrs. A. Cecil Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Tripp, the Misses Sewell, Mrs. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Northcote, Mrs. Robert Sullivan, the Misses Sullivan, Miss Madge Robertson, Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Hall, Dr. O. F. Macdonald, Mrs. Thomas Moss, Mrs. Charles Moss, Miss Mat Moss, Miss Florence Lamport, Mrs. Vere C. Brown, Mrs. J. Brown, Miss Viola Brown, Miss Parkyn, Mrs. J. J. Wishart, Mr. E. A. Morphy, Mr. Beverley Jones, Mr. and Mrs. K. O. Moffatt, Mr. D. A. and Mrs. Rose, Rev. John and Mrs. Sutherland, Dr. W. Ogden Jones, Mrs. James and Miss Scott, Mr. Bernhardt, Mr. Joseph Hughes, Misses Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Howland, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Cox, Miss Helen Patton, Mr. Robert A. Jaffray, Dr. Spilsbury, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Brush, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Mr. H. E. Fairclough, Mr. Richard Fuller, Dr. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Bethune, Mr. and Mrs. Harton Walker, Mr. J. M. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Arnold, Miss Gimson, Mrs. Delahaye, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Taggart, Mr. W. B. McMurrich, Dr. Emory, Mr. Louis Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Kirkpatrick, Mr. J. B. Pattullo, Dr. Pattullo, Mrs. D. E. Cameron, Lieut. Matheson, Dr. and Mrs. Norman Allen, Dr. Oronhyatekha, Mr. Alex. McKeown, Mr. Robert and Miss Katie Baldwin, Miss Ida Moffatt, Dr. Husband of Hamilton, Dr. Vernon of Hamilton, Dr. Bates of Hamilton, Dr. Emory of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. McKinnon, Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Tyrrell, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Mason, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. McMurray, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Thompson, Mr. Fred, Warrington, Rev. T. C. Mrs. and Miss Desbarres, Mr. Henry E. Caston, Mr. and Mrs. E. Fletcher, Mrs. Laura MacGillivray, Mr. F. M. Gillespie, Messrs. R. and F. Esson, Mr. H. Hartley Dewar, Miss Ellis, Miss Morton, Mr. William Philip, Mrs. Fred. and Miss Florence Paterson, Mr. O. Winans, Mr. Alfred and Miss Morson, Mr. Gordon Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smellie, Dr. and Mrs. W. Warren Baldwin, Mr. W. B. McMurrich, Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Roper, Dr. F. T. Adams, Dr. J. N. Anderson, Dr. Richard Hearn, Dr. W. H. Howitt, Dr. E. H. Robinson, Miss Louise Brent, the Misses Shanly, Mr. A. L. E. Davis, Mrs. Barham, Miss Gurney, Mrs. J. F. M. Macfarlane, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Vogt.

The social event of the week was Mrs. G. A. Arthurs' pink and white ball, which took place in St. George's Hall on Wednesday evening. In compliance with the terms of the invitations, Toronto's four hundred turned out in every lovely variation possible of the regulation colors. There were pink brocades, and failles, and gauzes, and satins, and white gowns were to be admired in every known rich and graceful material. The hostess herself wore lustrous white satin and was the picture of a dignified and gracious chateleine. Mrs. Kirkpatrick wore a pink gown with satin puffed sleeves and rich lace; Miss Kirkpatrick, a trained dress of white corded silk, edged with pearls lace. Mrs. Melfort Boulton wore a lovely salmon pink and white brocade satin, and looked very handsome. Mrs. Beatty wore in rich white satin; the Misses Beatty wore white and pink, the pink gown being unusually original and a la mode, even for such a very stylish *demoiselle*; Mrs. Arthur Harrison was in white corded silk; Mrs. William Natrass wore a pretty white gown with pink sleeves; Mrs. Fraser Macdonald had a very handsome fall of lace over pink satin puffed sleeves and a beautifully made and becoming gown; Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne wore lovely in white; Miss Macbeth Milligan wore cream white silk with pale rose pink velvet sleeves; Miss Sullivan wore an Empire gown of pink gauze and silk with silver bands on the bodice; Miss Kathleen Sullivan was charming in white and silver; the Misses Miller, guests of Mrs. Arthurs at Ravenwood, were much admired in white, with petunia velvet and very beautiful lace draperies; Miss Herbert Mason wore a striped white silk with rose velvet sleeves. Miss Gussie Hodgins was in white silk and deep lace. A newcomer in Toronto, Mrs. Charles Hodgins, was a most graceful and charming figure in gold colored satin and corselet of gold passementerie. Miss Mills of

Continued on Page Sixteen.

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Time
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SEVERAL YEARS AGO

MRS. GERVAISE GRAHAM, the first and only "Beauty Doctor" in the world, began practicing her profession in San Francisco, Cal., and as she did all she professed to do and was entirely free from all the pretensions of quackery, she soon became one of the most noted and best liked women of San Francisco. Previous to this she had studied at home and abroad for years Chemistry, Dermatology, Electrolysis and all branches pertaining to physical beauty of women.

Mrs. Graham soon had many imitators in different branches of her business ("Imitation is the sincerest type of flattery"), many of them knowing almost nothing and paining old worthless stuff by counterfeiting the names of her preparations. The Supreme Court of California put a stop to this counterfeiting, and now Mrs. Graham's preparations are handled by the largest and most reputable wholesale firms throughout the United States. Burnham, one of the largest retail cosmetic dealers in Chicago, says: "I sell more of Mrs. Graham's goods, and they give better satisfaction than all others combined." "Mrs. Gervaise Graham's Academy of Dermatology at 1355 Michigan Ave. is the only establishment of the kind in the world."—*Hair-dressers' Journal for November*.

Miss Moore and Miss High, who one year ago introduced a new business in Toronto, and have since pioneered and conducted it at 145 Yonge Street, are the only ladies in Canada with sealed Diplomas of Dermatology, Physical Culture, Electrolysis, Facial Treatments, Manicuring and the Arts of Beautifying Women.

That Mrs. Graham's celebrated preparations are pleasing all who buy them is evidenced by the increasing demand for them, both wholesale and retail, from Halifax to Vancouver. Send for price lists.

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For the Ball Room...

For this and all other state occasions occurring in the evening a full dress suit is indispensable. To the casual observer there are few perceptible variations in the conventional evening dress of the period, but to the man of taste and style the gradations of change from year to year are plainly discernible. For the past two or three seasons, it may be noted, a radical change has been made in the style and material used in the making up of dress suits.

Broadcloth and doe skin have absolutely disappeared, and the rich, hard woven diagonals have given place to the rough finished Cheviot and Venetian finished worsteds that have been the universal rage in London and New York.

The present mode of the make up requires that the lapels of the coat should be faced with heavy black gros grain silk, but tailors who consider fine points of fit line the body of the coat with satin de chimes, as the satin fits closer and firmer and the coat slips on easier.

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New Books and Magazines.

JUST now there are two Canadians attracting attention as literary men in England, Grant Allen and Gilbert Parker. Both seem to possess an inexhaustible fund of stories, short and long, which they produce in print with incredible rapidity. Grant Allen has just written a new novel entitled *Blood Royal*, which has been issued this week in Toronto by the National Publishing Company of this city. It is bound prettily in cloth, same as *The Ivory Gate*, A Family Likeness, and other works published by the National Company, and these novels as they appear constitute a fine edition of entertaining fiction to adorn a library shelf. The hero of *Blood Royal* is Richard Plantagenet, the son of a country dancing master, who once held a somewhat better social position, but who, as he drank harder and sank lower, extracted an ever-increasing degree of comfort from the erroneous pretension that he was descended from the Plantagenet kings of England. This lofty claim his son and daughter religiously believed in and it spurred them to noble actions, such as might be expected from the descendants of *Cœur de Lion* and the Black Prince. There was another branch of Plantagenets, natives of Sheffield, who had left a pot of money unclaimed in Chancery, but these were the false Plantagenets, descended not from kings but from a shoemaker named Muggins, who unwarrantably assumed the royal name. With these vulgarly derived people our hero and his family disclaimed any connection, and for them they entertained a contempt not unmixed with pity. The story is well told and extremely attractive—if I omit Gillingham, the Borneo Poet, who is too absolute an ass to display the sense he at times exhibits and to enjoy the standing accorded him at such an institution as Oxford—and of course concludes with the humiliating but profitable discovery that the family is not descended from the royal branch, but is an offshoot from the false Plantagenets who left the money. Their pride of descent leaves them, but Chancery turns over to them a sum of £180,000, which in time heals the wound. Grant Allen is to be congratulated on this, his latest work.

Frank Houghton of Montreal has a capital short story called *Rebecca*, in *Belford's Monthly* for January. It deals with British Columbia life, and contains clean-cut character work. Canadians are securing a great deal of space in all the best magazines, American and English, of late, and the result should be a great increase in the sale of magazines in Canada. The leading article in *Belford's* this month is one that will certainly create no end of interest. It is a discussion of the present strength, organization and traditions of the British Army by Percy W. Thompson, U. S. R. M. In it he shows that the British Army at no period of its history was so formidable a power as it is this minute—not only literally, but comparatively with the armies of Austria and Russia and France. That one article will impart satisfaction equal to the price of a year's subscription to anyone who takes pride in British supremacy. The writer recalls the famous remark of a British lieutenant-colonel at Inkermann, "Men of the Seventieth, steady! This regiment is two hundred years old and the enemy have never yet seen its knapsacks." He says the result of that appeal is officially recorded; five hundred and eighty dead and wounded Russians lay in front of this battalion when the battle ended, of whom over two hundred had been bayoneted. "And yet," he adds, "that battalion had not been quite three months in the field when it fought at Inkermann." Recruits have won some of England's greatest battles.

The Montreal Paper Mills Company is issuing a popular edition of *Men of the Day*, in heavy paper cover, pamphlet shape and size. They should be given a place on every bookshelf in Canada. Those issued so far are as follows: Sir John A. Macdonald, by John Francis Waters; Hon. Wilfred Laurier, by Louis Frechette; Hon. Edward Blake, by John A. Ewan; Hon. Joseph Adolph Chapleau, by Arthur Danvers; Hon. A. B. Routhier, by A. D. DeCelles; Principal Grant, by J. Macdonald Oxley; Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., by J. Macdonald Oxley; Honore Mercier, by Napoleon Legendre; Cardinal Taschereau, by Hon. A. B. Routhier; Sir Oliver Mowat, by J. Francis Waters; Sir J. J. C. Abbott, by Maud Ogilvy; Sir John Thompson, by W. J. Healy; Hon. J. A. Oulmet, by Fauche de Saint Maurice; D'Alton McCarthy, by J. Castellet Hopkins. Louis H. Tache of Montreal is editor of the edition.

The Canadian Manufacturers' Association has issued a handsome little souvenir, which among other interesting features contains excellent portraits of W. K. McNaught, John Bertram, P. W. Ellis, George Booth, Frederic Nicholls, R. W. Elliott and J. J. Cassidy, officers of the association.

The *Trader and Canadian Jeweler* for January is a very creditable number, containing not only reading matter of the most entertaining sort, but illustrations very rich and artistic.

The *Californian Magazine* has sprung into immediate popularity through the decided merits of its contents from the very first number onwards. Although it pays special attention to the Pacific slope it does not neglect the broader field over which magazines usually extend. In the December number P. C. Remondino, M. D., contributes a paper on Some Heads of Napoleon, illustrated with portraits, among others being his death mask taken by Antommarchi at St. Helena. Thomas Crawford Johnston discusses the question of Did the Phœnixians Discover America? John Parsons Redpath describes an Ideal California Colony, and Grace Ellery Channing muses on A Passionate Pilgrimage, giving a splendid portrait of Shelley. The *Californian* need ask no favors in a comparison with the best illustrated magazines.

The Highland Devil.

It is well known that Highlanders are very fond of using the third personal pronoun. This falling often leads them into absurdities. A Highland minister, recently over from the

land "o' cakes and bonnie lassies," was invited by a gild Methodist minister not far from Toronto to conduct divine service in his church. Sunday arrived and with it the Highland minister.

Taking for his text, "The devil goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour," he caused not a little amusement to his Canadian audience by dividing his text into four heads as under:

- First—Who the devil he was.
- Second—Where the devil he was going.
- Third—Who the devil he was seeking.
- Fourth—What the devil he was roaring about.

A. E. V.

Art and Artists.

M. R. BEHN has just completed two portraits, one of the late Alexander Mackenzie and the other of Mr. Proudfoot, which is a capital likeness.

F. M. Bell-Smith has moved into his new studio in the Equity Chambers.

Mr. Grier is busy on a large portrait, which bids fair to be a good picture.

Mr. and Mrs. Reid have returned to town.

Mr. Sherwood is at work on a boy group. One little fellow is endeavoring to exchange papers for a Skye terrier. The composition is good, handling broad, and the light and shade clever.

Mr. T. M. Martin is painting a large oil with a number of figures. It is certainly the best figure work I have seen from the brush of this artist, and is rather a mournful subject, being a burial in the backwoods.

Mr. J. W. Bengough, late of *Grip*, who has been on a short tour of the American cities and towns, has taken up his residence again in Toronto at 44 Huntley street.

VAN.

The College Man.

THERE is no more graceful loafer than your college man. His *alma mater* seems to have taught him that hardest of arts, the doing nothing well. The whole term long the young man has deluded himself with the idea that the yellow-backed French fiction, his "outside reading, you know," which he has constantly kept up to the neglect of his philosophy and weightier subjects, has been extending his knowledge of that part of his moderns. Those inexorable examinations may expose his deficiencies in grammar and philology, but however the examiner may mark to the contrary, he flatters himself that he has caught at least the spirit of *la belle France*. To smoke a cigarette irreproachably, to be a connoisseur in wines and cigars, to talk fluently about the latest actress or the most promising yearling, to foretell the football result, to do King street daily at four, clad in gorgeous raiment, to know when to stay out of a jack pot and when to bluff the limit—these are some of the incidental accomplishments that go to make up his liberal education. His intimacy with Kant and Greene and Sully sits lightly on the *fin de siècle* student who uses them rather to point a moral or adorn a tale than to astonish listeners by his erudition.

If this young man has improved his time he has cultivated a taste for Spencer or Carlyle, a *soup con* of philosophy that renders him at home in graver assemblages than a residence beer party. To be at ease with *viveurs* or with sages, is the rounded culture that he aims at. The *dolce far niente* of the long vacation is spent with tennis and Tennyson, the latter read with mellifluous accent and impartially suggestive glances to his coterie of straw-hatted, white-skirted maiden admirers.

"Hal is so clever, Idies all term, sports his oak for three weeks and comes out on top," says his enthusiastic little sister, who has caught the college slang, and in that little circle there is none to say her nay. Christmas sees him in the parental mansion *blase* and with the symptoms of a mustache, supercilious toward his old girl friends but all the more interesting for it, the lion of many parties, the conquering hero of two short weeks. And then comes again the scholastic routine, commencements, convocation, conversations, and lectures, when he caricatures his professor in his note book. Oh, happy, callow college youth! I enjoy your butterfly period while you may, for after comes the winter of discontent with an infrequent sun to make it glorious.

NISUS.

He Hit the Candle.

It was Gunpowder Bill, champion rifle shot, who told the story: "No, I never had an accident but wunst. Yessce, when I first went into this yer biz I couldn't shoot with a cue—I'd never handled a barker even, hevin' been a billiard marker in a Bowery saloon ever since I came to New York from down east."

"Then th' saloon hed ter shut down, it not payin' expenses as they didn't hev no license an' so cudn't sell liquor, an' yours truly was turned onto a cold, blame mean world. After knockin' around fer some time 'bout doin' a hand's turn, a bum actor as often used ter handle a cue in the old ranch met me on the street one day, me lookin' pretty blame seedy an' him fixed up—well, 'bout the same as you see me now. He was flush at th' time—played th' winner in a prize fight or sumthin'—an' so he rigged me out in a suit of ready mades, took me round to a grub shop an' filled me up an' then offered me a job as all-round man in a dime museum where he'd struck a sit as lecturer on the freaks; the job wasn't wuth much, but there was enough in it to buy prog with an' so I took it."

"Well, af er I'd been there some time, Fitzy—that was the name he went by—said he'd struck a new fake, leastways, not a new one but a change fer his programme. I was to do fancy shootin', not th' kind I do now; oh! no, that's genuine, that is, fer after the accident I went into the thing in dead earnest an' now I guess I kin hold my own with Carver himself, but this biz was snuffin' candles, knockin' necks off bottles that hed been broken off beforehand an' was pulled off with a string when I fired."

"The candle act was a great fake. We used ter

stick a lighted candle upon a bracket that was nailed onto a drop-scene; this drop-scene hed a hole made in it right behind the candle, while a feller used ter stand with his mouth at the hole behind the scene, where the audience couldn't see him, an' when I fired he blew out th' candle, the gun of course not being loaded."

"Well, one day by mistake I slipped a ball cartridge inter th' gun instead of a blank one, an' when I fired, out went th' candle as usual, but the yell as come from behind the scene made me guess somethin' hed happened, an' so it hed. Eh! shot him! Not much, altho' the ball whizzed right in front of his nose, for I fired across the scene, not at it—but what I hed done surprised both Fitzy an' me, fer I'd hit th' candle—yes, that's what made me take up shootin' serious—but in hittin' th' candle I hed knocked a splodge of hot taller right through the blow-hole, and as th' chap behind hed his mouth wide open an' was just drawin' in his breath fer to blow—well, say, most any-one wud hev yelled, wudn't they?"

UNCLE ARTIE.

Ancient Wonders of the East

Nineveh was fourteen miles long and eight miles wide, the whole city surrounded by a wall one hundred feet high, so thick as to furnish ample room for three chariots to be driven abreast around the top. Babylon was fifty miles within the walls, which were seventy-five feet thick and of the same height as those of Nineveh. This monster wall had twelve openings or gates, which were closed by enormous brass shutters every evening at sundown. The temple of Diana at Ephesus which was about an even hundred years in building, was four hundred and fifty feet to the first support of the roof.

The largest of the pyramids was originally 481 feet high and 853 on the sides, the base covering eleven acres. The stones, which are in 208 layers, average 60 feet in length. One account says that 350,000 men worked for twenty years in fashioning the Titanic pile. The famous Labyrinth of Egypt contained 300 rooms or chambers, and 12 halls. Thebes, Egypt, at the present time, presents ruins twenty-seven miles in circumference. The remains of many of the buildings, such as columns, arches, etc., are of such gigantic size that no known modern machinery would be equal to the task of taking them down, to say nothing of putting them in their present positions.—*St. Louis Republic*.

The Table Napkin.

Curiously enough, the article, now considered almost indispensable, the table napkin, was first used only by children, and was only adopted by elder members of the family about the middle of the fifteenth century. In etiquette books of an earlier date than this, among other sage pieces of advice for children, are instructions about wiping the fingers and lips with their napkins.

It seems that the tablecloth was long enough to reach the floor, and served the grown people in place of napkins. When they did begin to use napkins they placed them first on the shoulder, then on the left arm, and finally tied them about the neck. A French writer, who evidently was conservative and did not welcome the napkin kindly, records with scorn: "The napkin is placed under the chin and fastened in the back, as if one were going to be shaved. A person told me that he wore his this way that he might not soil his beautiful frills."

Napkins became popular in France sooner than in England. At one time it was customary at great English dinners to change the napkins at every course, to perfume them with rose water, and to have them folded a different way for each guest.—*Boston Globe*.

Giving the Counter Sign.



The Lady and the Guard.

She was plump and she was forty, but as a woman is never older than she feels, she was twenty. She wore widow's weeds with that jaunty air that says distinctly: "I sorrow, but I will soon be comforted."

With another woman she got on a Sixth avenue elevated train, bound down town, at Fourteenth street. She had a strident voice, and when she spoke to her companion she took everyone in the car into her confidence.

"Yes, my dear," she said, "what you heard is true. I am about to be married again. Why not? I surely have been singularly fortunate and singularly happy until death stepped in. My first husband you knew. My second was his peer in everything. My next will certainly be the—"

"Eight!" bawled the guard, who, for a wonder, spoke distinctly. A girl, who had been listening with her mouth wide open, burst out laughing. Several men hid their heads in their newspapers. The bereaved one glared at the all-innocent guard, but when the train went on she did. "My next will certainly be the equal of either of them in every manly and amiable quality. He has promised to take me to Europe after our marriage in December. What a contrast to last winter! Poor, poor James was dying then. I hate to recall it. It was an awful winter—"

"The next will be Bleeker!" yelled the

guard, poking his head in the door.

And the guard doesn't know to this minute why she told him as she swept out at "Bleeker" that she would report him.—*New York World*.

He Called Them Birdie.

A very anxious young farmer, rigged out in his Sunday clothes and his red neck-tie visible half a mile away, called at the Twelfth street police station the other day and asked the sergeant in charge if he would answer a legal question for him.

"Perhaps so—what is it?" was the reply. "Well, what is breach of promise?"

"It is going back on the girl you are engaged to be married to."

"But what is an engagement in law?"

"Leading the girl to think you intend to marry her."

"Haven't you got to ask her to have you right out?"

"No. What is your case? How far did you go?"

"Well, I said to her that I thought we'd make a good team if hitched up, but that wasn't nothing."

"It wasn't, eh? It was the same thing as asking her to be your wife. Ever call her pet names?"

"I think I called her Birdie a few times."

"Ever write any loving things to her?"

"I began my letters, 'Darling One,' I think."

"Well, you are stuck, and if you wanted to go to State prison for fourteen years you just try to give that girl the shake! Better go right home and marry her."

"Jupiter! but I've got to! I kinder thought she had the lift on me, but wanted to be sure. I've offered her a horse to give up my letters and quit claim on me, but she wouldn't do it. I'll add twenty-four sawlogs and four cords of wood, and if she still refuses I'll have to toe the chalk line. So callin' a gal Birdie is askin' her to marry you?"

"About the same thing."

"Salt petre! but if that's the case I'll have about twenty of 'em in my hair. Which street leads to Canada?"

"Keep right down this street."

And he was walking in the snow in the middle of the road as far as they could trace him.

A Charming Boy.

Half an hour later the boy was listening to a bargain in rugs on Broadway.

"I don't know whether it would please my husband or not," said she, looking at one of the dozen that had been pulled down and spread before her for the fourth or fifth time.

"Papa don't know anything about it," chimed in little blue eyes.

"S—sh!"

"Well, you told him so this very morning."

"S—sh! sh!" But she looked a trifle red in the neck, while the salesman patted the curly head and smiled.

"You did, mamma," persisted the child, who resented both the sign of maternal disapproval and clerical patronage. "And papa said—"

"Willie!"

"Papa said he didn't care what you bought."

"Of course not," murmured the sleek salesman laughingly. "You have a good papa, little one."

Mamma blushing examined the precious rug a little closer and hurriedly said she believed she'd take it.

"Would you rather have this old thing than the dress?" anxiously asked the boy, while his mamma tried in vain to direct his attention to the patent carpet sweeper. "Because—"

"Willie! S—sh!" she sharply interrupted. "I don't know what I'll do with you! Forty dollars, do you say?"

"You know, mamma, you can't have this and the—"

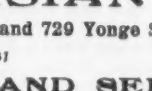
She shook the fatal sentence in two.

"Well, papa said—"

But just what papa said the grinning employee of that establishment will never know. For the fond mamma yanked the blue-eyed chatterbox out of the store in a hurry. She didn't buy a rug, either.—*N. Y. Herald*.



For Flat Surface



For Edges

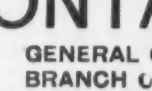
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Mamma—Why, my dear?

Daisy—Cause, if I marry a doctor I can get well for nothing; if I marry a minister I can be good for nothing.

Ugh!

"Say," he said to the waiter: "bring me a Hamburg steak and bring it quick or down goes your apple-cart. See?"

"Yes, sir," replied the waiter, "yes, sir. Do you want it served with disinfectants?"

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The Feud in Hickey Township.

It was certainly a first-rate feud, and a source of much pride to the settlers in and about Hickey Township, just as a haunted house, or a murder mystery, or a long-lived scandal might have been—only the feud was much more satisfactory, because it had been on for years, and hardly a month had passed, during all that time, that had not witnessed some new episode in the affair, and each one seemed more startling than its predecessor. And so it was that the good people of Hickey Township held their heads just a little higher than their less fortunate friends who resided in more peaceful portions of the country.

It—the feud—all started on account of a yearling calf—than which, permit me (a stock-raiser of limited but fruitful experience) to interpolate, there never was nor can there ever be a creature more hopelessly, unreasonably "ornery," and one more productive of sinful language and display of sultry temper on the part of its keepers. Yearling calves have caused the recording angel more trouble, broken up more old friendships, produced more family jars, and, in the form of veal, begotten more indigestion and the insomnia resultant therefrom, than—but this is not an essay on the sinful, sportive stealer and his shortcomings.

The Walkers and the Benedicts had been old neighbors for years, "back in Iowa." In fact, the elder Walkers and the elder Benedicts had been married about the same time, at the beginning of the war, and had just settled on adjoining homesteads when the first gun was fired on Sumter. The men enlisted in the same company, fought side by side, ate and slept and suffered together; and at home their young wives waited and wept together. When the little Walkers and the little Benedicts grew large enough to run about, they were playmates and boon companions; the children of one family felt as much at liberty in the home of the other as they did in their own—for twenty-eight years the two families had lived in peace and amity, and then that miserable calf precipitated an irreparable row. It was too bad, all the neighbors said, but it is a noticeable fact that none of them attempted to patch up a peace—life in Hickey Township and at Hickey Corners would have been dull, indeed, but for the feud; so everybody sat by and watched each new phase of the affair with nervous, morbid interest, and commented thereon, but not in a manner likely to prove conducive to a truce on the part of the disputants.

It was this way: The Benedict and Walker houses had been built on adjacent corners of the homestead quarters, and were quite close together; in fact, one well, sunk on the quarter-section line between the two homesteads, had furnished water for both families for the first four years after coming to Dakota, and it was only a short distance from either house.

But it came to pass that on the Walker domain there was born, and grew, and waxed fat and "sassy," a brindle calf, with a right smart chance of white in its eye and a plethora of deep-dyed mischief in its soul—and he (for it was a young gentleman "critter"), while yet of tender age but tough record, engendered the feud. He had wandered away the day before, and when he returned at night the gate of the calf-pen was shut against him, and in the morning when Papa Benedict arose from post-breakfast family prayers, and followed by the younger male Benedicts, hied him toward the stable, he beheld his neighbor's incipient steppin' in the bud sundry young and tooth-some cabbages, and kicking out of the earth, in his bovine abandon, all he could not eat.

Then was Papa Benedict wroth, and thereupon did he give way to naughty, profane words, while the young Benedicts surrounded the offending calf and brought him up for judgment.

Now, Papa Benedict was a man of hasty temper, but easily calmed; so, when the calf was tendered him at the end of a long picket-ropes, his wrath had decreased several degrees, and he wound the ropes around his hand and started to lead the calf home.

It was while he was pondering on what to say to the calf's owner that the calf suddenly remembered a previous engagement, and started, in some haste, to keep it, heading directly across the croquet ground. Papa Benedict wished to follow with more dignity than the calf desired; and presently his feet were scraped from under him by a wicked, and he was being handled the way the vaqueros in South America are supposed to make butter—at the end of a lasso. He did not look very neat when, a few minutes later, he reached the Walker residence and called his neighbor out. He was holding the calf up short, but his temper had slipped its tether and caused him to say bad words, to which Papa Walker replied in kind—whereat Papa Benedict seized a convenient neck-yoke and killed the cause of the trouble.

Of course there was a fight and considerable ill-chosen language; then, as soon as possible, Papa Benedict sued Papa Walker for the damage to his cabbages, and Papa Walker sued Papa Benedict for the value of the calf. After that, they prosecuted each other for assault and battery; the younger members of both houses "assayed" each other at every available opportunity; Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Benedict did no more "neighborin'"; and Mort Benedict and Nellie Walker "busted up" with each other. That is, Nellie broke with Mort, who, for his part, had a wholesome contempt for feuds and such nonsense, and would fain have ignored the state of affairs, so far as Nellie was concerned, except for the opposition any overtures from him would have received on all sides, and especially from Nellie. So he had to grin and bear it, leaving, however, all hostilities to others, and speaking pleasantly to any of the Walkers he chanced to meet.

But, finally, through a rash act of his own, he was forced into the feud. There was a hunking bee, of the good old-fashioned sort, at Thompson's, one night, and the younger members of the hostile houses attended. Daring the evening Mort found a red ear in his pile, and—he never knew what impelled him to do it, unless it was that Nellie looked so pretty and tempting—he took his former sweetheart in his arms and kissed her, not once, but three times.

As soon as it could be done without the girls

Much More.



"I hope you can promise to be more than a sister to me."
"I can. I'll be a mother to you, as I am going to marry your father."—Life.

knowing of it, Bud Walker and Harvey Free invited Mort and Pel Horner out into the moonlit pasture, where Bud insisted on "having it out." Mort demurred, but in vain, and much to his regret, was forced to "lick" to a standstill, not only the man he hoped some day to call his brother-in-law, but the latter's second as well; Pel Horner being a cripple and unable to accommodate young Free, who was "pinin'" on account of his principal's defeat.

That settled it. Thereafter, even tender-hearted Mrs. Walker—who, like Mrs. Benedict, sincerely but silently regretted the trouble that kept her apart from her old-time friends these four long years, and who had always had a pleasant greeting for all the family, especially for Mort, who was a great favorite of hers—cut him dead when she happened to meet him, and even the frigid inclination of the head with which Nellie had been wont to recognize his presence on those rare occasions on which they met was now denied him.

All this cut Mort deeply, but he was made of too tough fibre to show it; so, till the end of the feud, he tried to act as though he did not care—just as did Nellie, who, however, was obliged to confess to herself, once in a while, that she did care, "lots."

The spring of 188— is a memorable one in the history of many portions of the Dakotas. The amount of rain in the fall, and the snow-fall of the winter preceding, had been very slight indeed, and there were no spring rains to encourage the farmers. The creek-beds and coulees were dry; the lake-beds and sloughs were as innocent of water as powder magazines; and the matted grasses and reeds standing in them were as dry as was the grass on the prairies. Everything invited the fire-fiend, whose work on the plains is so swift and thorough—and he accepted the invitation.

From the wheat regions up north came tales of his deadly work—of counties almost entirely laid waste, of hundreds made homeless and penniless, with nothing left, even wherewith to wring their bread out of the soil.

In C— County and its neighbors, however, all felt secure; the fires were far north of them, and being gradually exterminated. Besides, they were in the Jim River Valley; it is curious how much confidence the proximity of a river will give to the settler who is threatened by prairie-fires.

Mort Benedict and his father were returning from the county town one day, having been in to leave "mother" for a two days' visit, and to have the breaking plow repaired. For a day or two there had been rumors of fires only twenty miles or so to the north, and they were talking of this as they crossed the bridge, four miles from home. As they reached the top of the hill on the west side of the river, Mort glanced at the northern horizon, which was not distant, on account of a range of hills running east and west, and—

Did his eyes deceive him, or was that smoke, just rolling up above the line of hills?
"Look, father!"
"S'artled, the elder man did so.
"Good God, Mort! She's a-comin', an' comin' t' beat h—l, too! We got t' race, t' save anything!"

And race they did, but the fire was racing too; and when they drove their panting horses into the door-yard, the flames were only a few miles away and coming down at lightning speed.

While Tom and Roy saddled their ponies and rounded up the live-stock, Mr. Benedict and the three elder boys and Bessie, in an incredibly short space of time, put into the two wagons everything that it was possible to save, after which Hal and George saddled their ponies, joined Tom and Roy with the herd, and the whole procession, headed by two wagons, driven by Mort and his father, moved off at a rapid pace toward the river.

Then, and only then, did Mort notice that there was no sign of human life about the Walker place. His heart gave a leap.
"Bess!" he said sharply; "did—did they get away? Did ye notice 'em movin' round?"
The girl's eyes opened wide. "O, Mort! I haven't heard or seen a sign of 'em all day!"
"Take them reins. I'm goin' back an' see."

He leaped from the wagon and ran back, noting as he did so, how hot the air had be-

come and how near the big wave of smoke was.

Mrs. Walker, singing softly as she bustled about the kitchen, was a bit startled to see who her unannounced visitor was.

"Mis' Walker, where's all your men-folks? No, I didn't come for trouble—only th's a prairie-fire only a little ways off, an' comin' down like mad!"

Mrs. Walker sank into a chair. "Oh, heavens! An' father sick a-bed an' all th' boys over t' Berry's on a breakin'-bee!"
"Good Lord! Ain't I glad I come back! Where's th' horses?"

"O, Mort! They're all loose in the pasture!"
"Git what things ye wantuh save t'gether real quick! They ain't no spare time." And Mort tore out of the house like a madman, and down to the pasture, not noticing that Nellie had entered the kitchen and was staring at him, open-eyed.

Both Mr. Walker's wagon-teams were composed of animals usually as docile as lambs; but, to day, bunched together in a corner of the pasture, they sniffed the coming flames, and it seemed to put wild impulses into their lumbering carcasses, and it was a long, trying time before Mort could catch two of them, swear, try as he might—and the great fire rolled swiftly nearer. The wind had shifted from north-east to north-west. Mort saw, with a sinking at his heart, that there was an even chance of getting cut off from the river.

Mr. Walker was on a feather-bed on the floor of the wagon, and Mrs. Walker crouched beside him. Nellie ran back into the house for the family Bible, then climbed up beside Mort.
"Git up! Clk!" The heavy whip came down hard on the horses' flanks and the race was begun.

Faster came the flames; the billow of smoke rolled over them, now and then dropping feathery grass cinders as it passed; they could hear the roar of the fire and feel its hot breath whenever the wind increased in velocity—and Jim River so far away!

Nearer came the great wave of flame; the air was dense and suffocating. Mort, in his frenzy, lashed the now running horses incessantly, cursing, praying, saying he knew not what. Mrs. Walker wept and prayed; Mr. Walker now and then gave a feeble moan; Nellie, on the seat beside Mort, kept her lips tight closed and said nothing, only clinging to the seat more desperately as the wagon bounced and lurched.

Mort looked at her her silence angered him.
"Git off'n th' seat!" he roared. "How d'ye think I'n drive, with you sittin' thar?"
The girl obeyed, and fell, rather than climbed, back into the box.

Mort Benedict's recollections of what occurred after that are very dim. He remembers driving deeper and deeper into the terrible heat and smoke, of tearing through a volume of flame that seemed endless—flame that burned his eyes, his nostrils, his throat, and scorched his hair and eyebrows—then, with a final leap, the horses dashed down the slope into the shallow river, and he knew no more.

When Mort awoke he could not for some time realize where he was, and lay for some minutes trying to remember. Oh, yes; he was in Will Berry's room. He remembered the antlers on the wall and the white curtains at the windows. Someone came in softly from the next room.

"Who is it?" he asked.
It was Nellie, and she came and leaned over him. "It's me, Mort. I've been here all th' time. I thought ye knew me sometimes. You've been sick."

"Are ye here t' stay, Nell—always, I mean?"
She sat down on the edge of the bed and put her hands on his shoulders.

"If ye want me to, Mort."
He drew her face down to his, but put her at arm's length presently.

"But how about the feud, Nell?"
"They ain't no more feud, Mort."—R. L. Ketchum, in the Argonaut.

Sudden Change of Tune.

A furniture van stood in front of a Sixth avenue store. A little boy stood by the horse

and gave it some bread to eat. The driver looked on with a broad grin.

"That's right," he said to the benefactor, "always be kind to dumb animals. Look how the old horse enjoys it. But does your mother always give you big chunks like that?"
"No," replied the youngster, "I didn't get that one from my mother."

"Where did you get it, then?"
"It was lying in the van."
Here the driver flew into a temper and bawled out, "Why, that was my breakfast, you miserable rascal, you—"

The poor lad, doomed thus early in life to a practical experience of the sudden vicissitudes of popular favor, flew weeping from the scene.—Recorder.

He Knew.

Teacher (in mineralogy class)—Johnnie, give me the name of the largest known diamond.
Johnnie—The ace.

The Reason.

Crummer—I see you are having the roof of your flats mended.
Landlord—Yes, I had to attend to it. The rain began to leak into the janitor's room.

Why the Heathen Rage.

Jack Potter—What do you suppose becomes of all the counterfeit coins placed in circulation?
Rowne de Bout—About evenly distributed, between the slot machines and the heathen.

To All Athletes.

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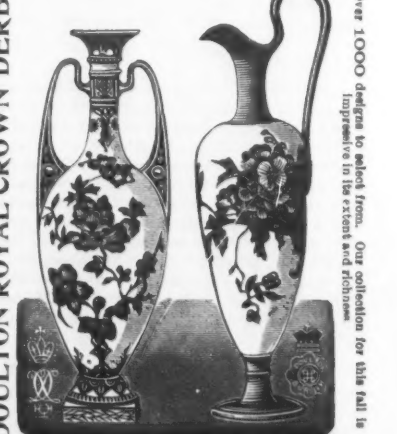


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Social and Personal.

Continued from Page Thirteen.

Hamilton was another piquante and pretty visitor, who wore a very dainty pink gown. Miss Helen Ferguson, and her sister Miss Frances, were in pure white. Mrs. Bristol was as bright and winning as usual in a lovely satin brocade. Mrs. Chris. Baines looked well in a handsome white and pink dress. Miss Mary Drayton was sweet and smiling in a deep shell-pink with satin dots, a la Watteau. Miss Mulock wore a rich white corded silk. Miss Hagarty wore pink silk and lace, with crushed raspberry velvet sleeves, and looked extremely handsome. Miss Pope was in a simple but elegant white muslin. Mrs. Arnold wore white with pink sleeves. Miss Lulu Gooderham wore white silk, as did her sister, Miss Josie. Mrs. Cameron looked fair and bonnie in white brocade, with bands of fur. Miss May Walker wore a fetching little gown of soft white India silk. Mrs. Samuel Nordheimer wore an exquisite dress of corded silk brocade with small roses and trimmed with rare lace. The Misses Hoskin of Treherne were prettily gowned in the regulation colors. Miss Gooderham of Waveney looked lovely in pure white. The gentlemen had taken quite a departure for the occasion from the prim evening dress, some wearing facings of white, some of pink, some donning pink ties and boutonnières of pink ribbon en chou; others contented themselves with large bunches of pink carnations or roses, and one rather captured the medal with an enormous pair of rosettes on his pumps. Mrs. Arthurs, having the whole building at her disposal, devoted the large lodge room and ante-rooms upstairs to the ladies for a dressing-room. These spacious quarters were very much appreciated. Many cosy nooks were on the stairs and in various corners, and here and there sat couples who preferred the quiet antiphony of their own voices to even such alluring waltzes as Old Madrid. Corlett's band was in beautiful time and tune, and dancing, though a little crowded, was most enjoyable. A lovely supper, in courses, was served downstairs, where cosy little parties of six sat about the pretty pink and white tables, and pledged each other or their neighbors in sparkling wine of the Sunny South. The decorations, as I foretold last week, were just the original and charming designs one would expect from the clever and artistic fancy of Mrs. Arthurs; great true-lover knots of pink over the doors, dainty baskets of smilax and pink roses hanging from the carved ceiling or placed along the dais, draperies of pink with festoons of evergreen, and every electric lamp softly shaded in mellow pink, piano lamps with silk and lace shades, and hanging from the cross-bars large globes of half blown roses with electric lamps gleaming from the center. Many who had determined to leave rather earlier than usual, on account of so much gaiety this week, were again and again detained for one more look at the fairy and charming scene. In fact, Mrs. Arthurs may well bear off the palm as having designed and carried out the very loveliest event of the season, and she will also probably feel that her invited guests did their prettiest to make a perfect success of the pink and white ball.

Captain and Mrs. Charles Hodgins are home from India, and are visiting Captain Hodgins' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hodgins of Bloor street west.

Mrs. Henry Cawthra gave a lovely young people's dinner party on Friday of last week, her guests numbering nearly thirty, among whom were: The Misses Mortimer Clark, Mr. Jack and Miss Macdonald, Miss Riordan, Miss Mills of Hamilton, the Misses Gooderham of Maple Croft, Mrs. and Miss Small, Mrs. DuMoulin, Mr. A. Sweetman, the Misses Seymour, Mr. Burritt, Mr. C. Cockburn, Mr. Bertie Cawthra. A dance followed the dinner, at which about sixty guests were present. The dinner table was beautifully decorated in pure white silk, with white hyacinths and carnations, as befitting the New Year season of spotless snow.

Mr. Newman, a distinguished German vocalist, is visiting Mrs. Haakell of 56 Murray street. Mr. Newman sang the solos at the funeral of the late Mrs. Harrison, the wife of the President.

Mrs. Alfred Hoskins gave a very pleasant progressive euchre party on Tuesday evening.

Miss Lillie Gouinlock of Paris is visiting with Mrs. George W. Gouinlock, 255 Carlton street.

Miss Gretta Kelso of 147 Rose avenue has returned home after spending some nine months in the States, visiting St. Paul, Minneapolis and Chicago.

A very pleasant and interesting evening was spent at 13 Danbar road, the residence of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, by a number of gentlemen belonging to the Choir Association of Toronto. After some remarks by Rev. Mr. Roper and Mr. Harrison, who is conductor of the association for this year, refreshments were served and a delightful reunion brought to a close. Among those gentlemen present were: Rev. Prof. Roper, Rev. T. C. Street Macklem, Mr. E. J. Wood, and Choirmasters Phillips, Fairclough, Burch, Schuch, Wareham, Shortt, Wedd, Warburton, Wills, Robinson and Richardson.

The Jovial Social Club gave a most delightful dance at the home of Miss Slemin on Robert street on Friday evening, January 6, which was greatly enjoyed by about forty guests. The drawing-room was utilized for dancing, while cards were indulged in upstairs. Among those present I remarked: The Misses Alice and Connie Klenguer, Mrs. Passmore, Mrs. Seymour, Misses Miles, Larimer, Grand, Christie, Robinson, McBean, Slemin, Passmore, Gibson, Seymour, Dodd, Messrs. Grand, Passmore, Glass, Minnus, Barber, Daley, Wardell, McKellar, Skill, Taylor, Miles, Quigley, Kirby, Mitchell, Verral, Hayes, Eagen, Westwood, Blackburn and Harding.

Mrs. (Dr.) Young's afternoon At Home last Wednesday was one of this season's society events. From four o'clock her spacious drawing room was crowded to excess. The hostess received in her usual bright manner, wearing a rich dress of old-rose silk and velvet with other

fur trimmings, in which she looked most charming. Mrs. Young was assisted by the Misses Eva Kennedy, Lillian Hamilton, McClung, Mrs. R. C. Hamilton and Mrs. E. T. Malone. The drawing-room and dining-room were profusely decorated with smilax and plants intermingled with dainty fairy lights and ablaze with innumerable candles. Among those present were: Mrs. Fred. Cox, Mrs. Wilkes, the Misses Wilkes, Mrs. Ed. Cox, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Score, Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Charles Brown, Mrs. H. M. Blight, Mrs. McGaw, Miss Dick, Mrs. N. A. Powell, Mrs. Torrington, Mrs. W. E. Wilson, Mrs. R. J. Wilson, Mrs. W. O. Forsyth, Mrs. Norman Walker, Mrs. A. Sampson, Miss M. McGee, Mrs. Irving Walker, Miss Boate, Miss Score, Mrs. William Wilson, Mrs. A. R. Gordon, Mrs. R. Jaffray, Mrs. J. E. Starr, Mrs. G. Gordon, Mrs. Shields, Mrs. Maclean, Miss Jaffray, Mrs. Newdell, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. R. Walker, Jr., Mrs. D. D. McIntosh, Mrs. Clougher, Mrs. E. Morphy, Mrs. Adams, Mrs. J. C. Atkins, Mrs. Esten Fletcher, Mrs. Garrett, Mrs. W. T. Parry.

Mrs. Playfair of Isabella street gave a dance for her son, Mr. N. Playfair, recently, at which a large number of young people were present. Misses Hamilton, Hughes, Blaikie, Livingstone, Holmstead, and Messrs. H. Rolph and Blaikie were of the party.

Miss Farrell of Winnipeg spent the holidays with Mrs. Bright of Ross street.

The Misses Chattie and Vic Langmuir gave a dance last Thursday evening at their home on Tranby avenue, which was a very delightful affair. I am told that this was one of the most thoroughly enjoyable dances of the season. Among the guests were: Misses Stewart, Drynan, Holmstead, McMurrick, Hope, Jarvis, Farrell, Bright, Thompson, Ridout, McMurray, Patterson, Wadsworth, Kelly, Scarf, Messrs. Cosby, McMurrick, Patterson, McMurray, Langmuir, Ridout, Montgomery, Winans, Bright, Rolph, Sweny, and a number of red-coats from the Military College, whose uniforms lent color to an already bright scene.

Another pleasant party was given by Miss Kingsmill of Yorkville avenue one evening last week.

The dance given by the Misses Phillips of Queen's park last Tuesday was very much enjoyed by a number of young people, who filled the spacious home with brightness and happy faces.

Mrs. John Taylor of Florsheim has issued cards for an evening dance on Tuesday next.

Mrs. S. G. Beatty of Isabella street will be at home to her friends on Wednesday next from five to seven o'clock.

Mrs. Herbert Mason of Ermeleigh gave a tea on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. John Rennie of Huntley street, Rosedale, gave a tea on Tuesday, at which a large number were present.

Mrs. Williams of 97 Gloucester street gave a largely attended tea on Tuesday from four to seven o'clock. She was assisted in receiving by Miss Thomas of St. Catharines and a bevy of charming married ladies, Mesdames F. and E. Cox, C. Boeckh and several others.

Another convalescent whom many will congratulate is Mr. Max McKenzie of the Imperial Bank, who is now recovering from an attack of typhoid fever.

Miss Maggie Soutar gave a progressive euchre party on Thursday evening.

Mrs. (Dr.) Ball of Sherbourne street gave a very pleasant At Home last Thursday afternoon.

A most interesting game of hockey was played last Saturday at the Victoria Rink. The play was lively and skilful, but the Colts proved to be too much for the Imperials and won the match. Messrs. Cosby and Morrison played particularly well, and Mr. Creelman did some excellent work for the Imperials. Mr. A. McVity was referee.

Miss E. Patterson of Barrie has been visiting her sister, Miss Patterson of St. Hilda's College.

Judge Woods of Stratford was in the city recently.

Dr. M. A. Ross of Barrie was in town a few days ago.

Judge Senkler of St. Catharines was in the city the latter part of last week.

Fred. H. Bell, B.A., of Toronto University, has accepted a position at Woodstock Collegiate Institute.

Miss Gerlie Little is visiting relatives in Barrie.

Mrs. J. Herbert Mason gives a dance at St. George's Hall on Thursday evening, January 19. I am told this event is a welcome home for Mr. and Mrs. Cesare Marani, who are snugly established in a very cosy home at number 179 Cottingham street.

"The funniest little man on earth," as an Irishman described him last summer, will make us laugh at the Grand next week. I recommend everyone I know to see Grosmith, and have no doubt some lovely audiences will be present.

I am sorry to learn that the wife of John A. Frazer, the artist, who is now in New York, died in that city last week.

Mrs. Andrew Smith of Jarvis street gave a tea yesterday.

Miss Hedly of St. Joseph street also gave a tea yesterday.

Chief Postoffice Inspector Sweetnam sailed by the Parisian to-day for England.

C Company of the Queen's Own Rifles held their annual dinner one evening last week. C Company of the Royal Grenadiers sat down to a sumptuous repast the same night.

Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education, is expected to sail from England to-day for home.

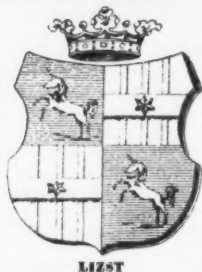
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His many friends hope that the trip has been beneficial to his health.

Lieut. Col. Otter, D. A. G., gave an instructive lecture on Friday evening of last week at the New Fort barracks, on the administration of a British battalion and its application to the Canadian militia. There was a large attendance of the officers of the city battalions.

It was not generally known that Mr. Franklin Roberts, who took the part of the King in Lord Tennyson's play of the Foresters, which

Mr. Daly's company played at the Grand Opera House last month, is a cousin of Lord Roberts, commander-in-chief of the Indian forces. Mr. Roberts is a typical young English gentleman and made a number of friends in Toronto, who will be pleased to welcome him back again. After the Saturday matinee Mrs. Cecil Gibson gave a delightful little five o'clock tea and musicale for him at her charming home on St. Joseph street. Among the gentlemen invited were: Mr. Harry Harvey of Hamilton, Mr. Arthur Sandeman of Montreal, and Mr. Hugh Skinner of New York.

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Births

BAIRD—Jan. 3, Mrs. G. H. Baird—a son.
LAYTON—Jan. 4, Mrs. David Layton—a daughter.
WINTER—Jan. 4, Mrs. Fred W. Winter—a daughter.
GIANELLI—Jan. 3, Mrs. A. Gianelli—a daughter.
PHILLIPS—Jan. 3, Mrs. W. C. Phillips—a son.
LESTER—Jan. 3, Mrs. W. H. Lester—a son.
READ—Jan. 3, Mrs. Allan F. Read—a son.
CLEMENT—Jan. 3, Mrs. Geo. W. Clement—a daughter.
MITCHELL—Jan. 9, Mrs. J. C. Mitchell—a daughter.

Marriages

FORTE-WYLIE—At the residence of the bride, Pictou Ont., by the Rev. N. A. McDiarmid, assisted by Rev. David James of Midland and Rev. D. G. McPhail, B.A., Rev. W. A. Wylie of Waukena, to Miss Annie Forte, daughter of W. J. Forte of Pictou.
BUANS-BROPHY—At Gananoque, Monday, January 9, Jay A. Buans to Alice M. Brophy.
MCGREGOR-ROBINSON—Jan. 5, David McGregor to Harriet Robinson.
MCINTYRE-WALLIS—Dec. 23, W. H. McIntyre to Sarah A. Wallis.
PARKE-BARRETT—Jan. 4, Harold Parke to Alice Barrett.
RISK-BROWN—Jan. 5, Charles A. Risk to J. P. Brown.
LISTER-POLLIE—Jan. 10, James Lister to Bell Pollie.
MACKENDRICK-KING—Jan. 4, W. G. MacKendrick to Sarah C. King.
BANNISTER-LLOYD—Jan. 3, Arthur Bannister to Victoria Lloyd.
HAWKE-LAURENCE—Jan. 4, A. F. Hawke to May Lloyd.

Deaths

ROBB—Jan. 6, Charles H. Robb, aged 55.
ALEXANDER—Jan. 7, Henry Alexander, aged 56.
MORDEN—Dec. 31, A. L. Morden, aged 24.
BICKELL—Jan. 9, David Bickell, aged 4.
FOWLER—Jan. 3, Ethel G. Fowler, aged 21.
DOYLE—Jan. 5, James H. Doyle, aged 61.
HESSIN—Jan. 5, William Hessin, aged 68.
STEELE—Jan. 6, Andrew C. Steele, aged 41.
WHITE—Jan. 4, Bertie White, aged 17.
WILSON—Jan. 4, Rebecca Wilson, aged 30.
PERKINS—Jan. 3, Helen Perkins, aged 22.



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